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THE SPHERE

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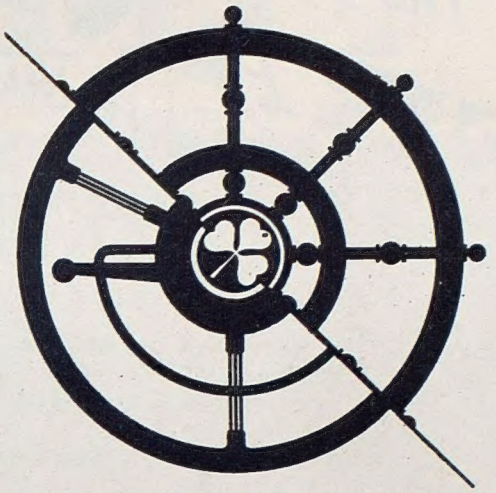

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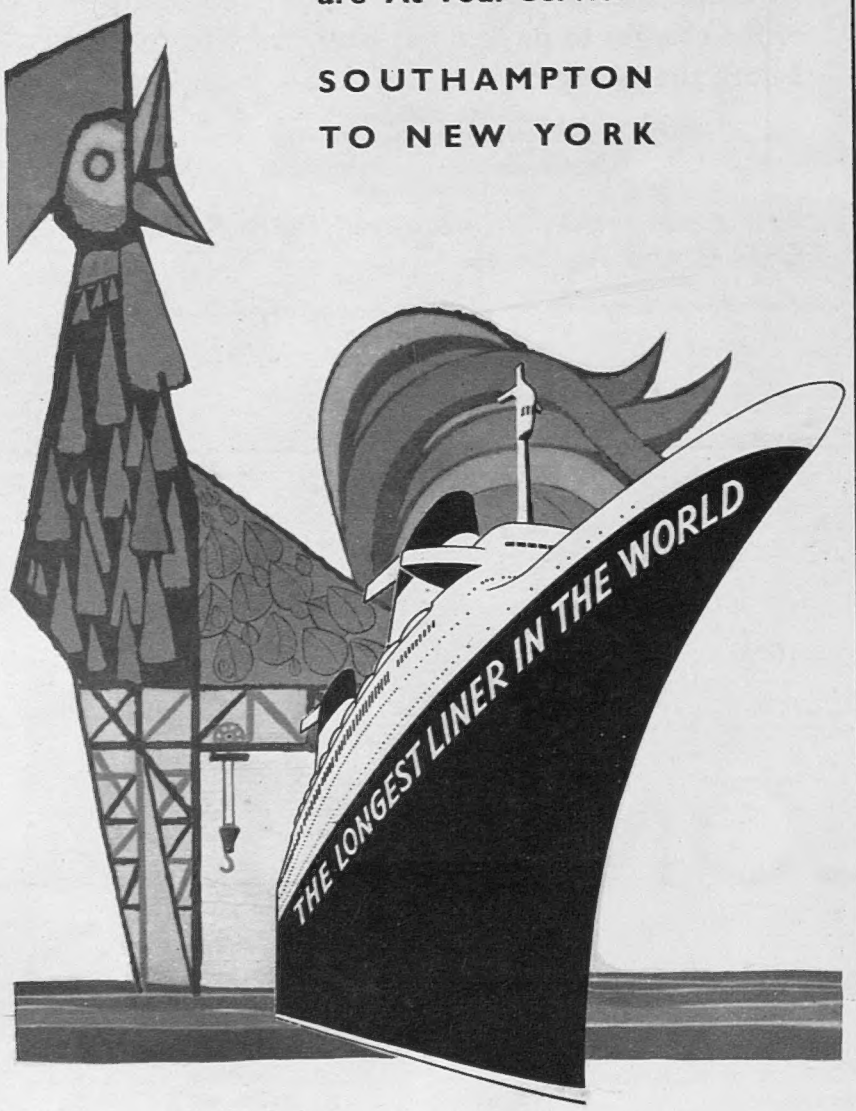

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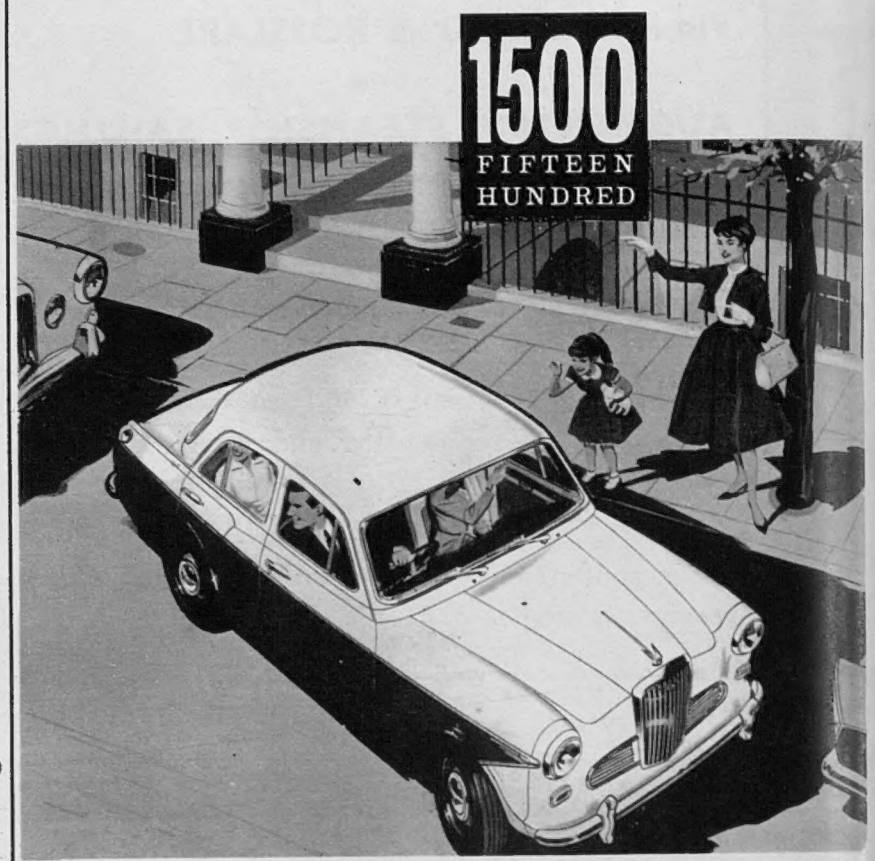

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THE SPHERE

LONDON, April 29, 1961

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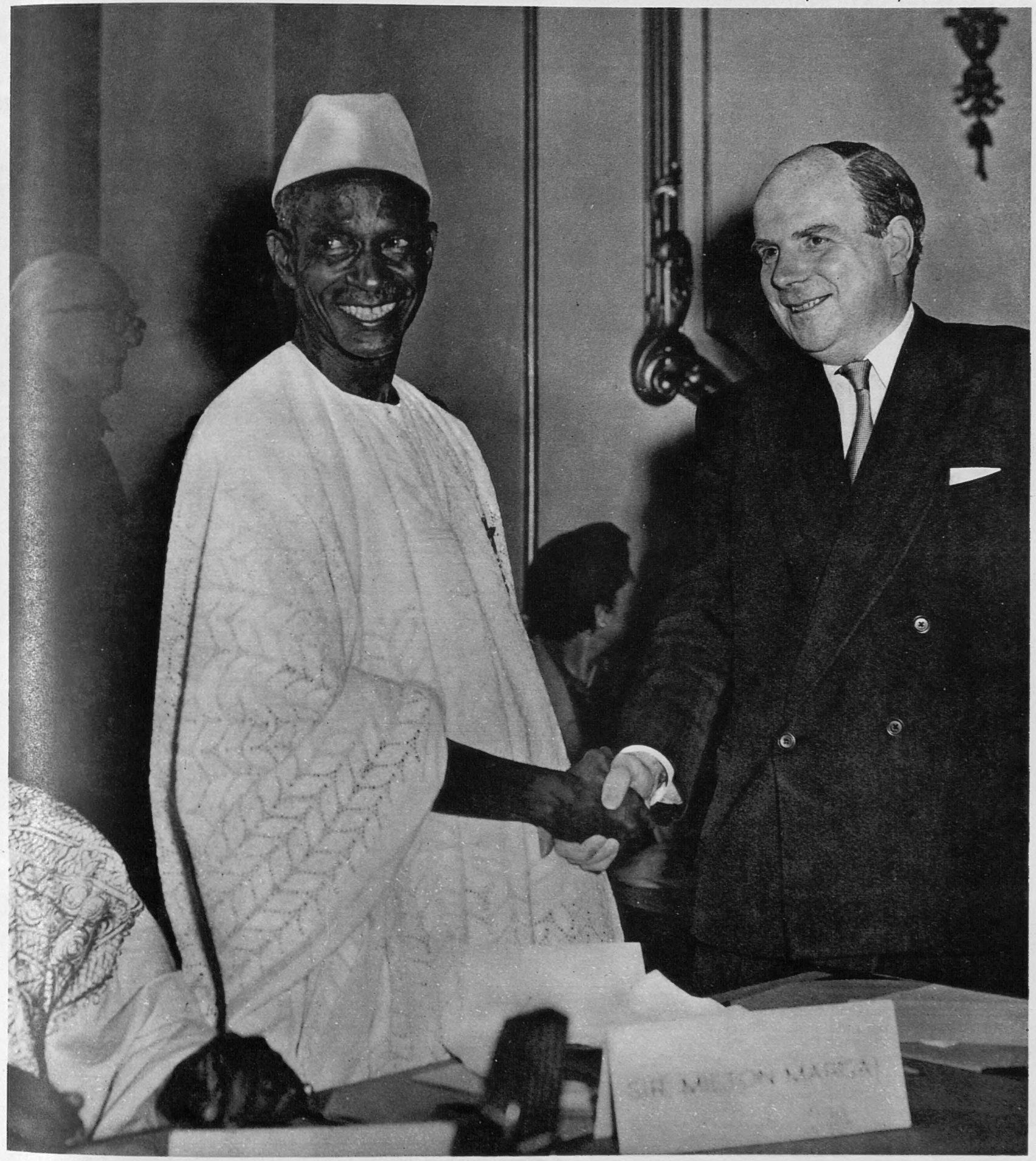

SIERRA LEONE'S INDEPENDENCE

Sir Milton Margai, Sierra Leone's Prime Minister, is seen being welcomed by Mr. Macleod to the Constitutional Conference in London a year ago which decided Sierra Leone should become independent on April 27, 1961. At the Independence celebrations this week in Freetown, the capital, the Queen is being represented by the Duke of Kent, and Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary, heads the U.K. Government delegation. Among many other distinguished visitors is Dr. A. M. Ramsey, Archbishop of York and Archbishop of Canterbury-elect, who preached in St. George's Cathedral last Sunday. The programme for Independence Day began immediately after midnight on the 26th with the raising of the national flag in Brookfields Stadium. Later, on the 27th, the State opening of Parliament by the Duke of Kent was to be followed by his handing over the constitutional documents for independence to Sir Milton Margai and the swearing in of Sir Maurice Dorman, hitherto Governor, as the first Governor-General. (See also messages from Sir Milton Margai, Mr. Macmillan and other Commonwealth leaders on pages 164 and 165, and articles and pictures on pages 166 and 179 to 183)

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NEWS SUMMARY

An international and a domestic budget; hopes for a settlement in Laos; second phase of the Eichmann trial; tension mounting in Angola

INTERNATIONAL

The United Nations General Assembly in **New York** unanimously agreed last Saturday to the admission of Tanganyika to U.N. membership when that country becomes independent on December 28. The vote was taken after Sir Andrew Cohen, Britain's representative on the U.N. Trusteeship Council, had stated that Britain would be relinquishing her Trusteeship on that date. (A few hours later it was announced in London that Sir Andrew is to leave the Trusteeship Council to return to Whitehall to take up a senior post. He is to be succeeded in New York by Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus from 1957 until 1960.)

The crises in Cuba (see page 153) and France (on pages 156-157) dominated the world scene at the beginning of this week. The U.N. Assembly, however, had still to devote much time to the ever-present dangers in Congo. Endorsement was given for a budget of 100,000,000 dollars for operations there up to October 31. Nearly half the sum will come from the U.S.A. At one time in the debate there was deadlock and the budget was only agreed after Mr. Hammarskjold had declared that unless the proposal was passed the Security Council might urgently have to consider stopping U.N. Congo operations. From Congo itself it was reported that political leaders were meeting in **Coquilhatville** in Equateur Province.

The Duke of Kent leaves London for Freetown to represent the Queen at Sierra Leone's independence celebrations. Behind him are the Duchess of Kent and his fiancée, Miss Katharine Worsley. Princess Alexandra also saw him off

GREAT BRITAIN

After Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had presented his first Budget last week it was generally considered that he had greatly enhanced his reputation and must be seriously regarded as a possible future leader of his party. The cuts in surtax were especially welcomed by Conservatives. Speaking to the Scottish Unionist Association's annual conference at **Ayr** last Saturday, Mr. Macmillan defended two of the more controversial Budget proposals—the possible payroll tax and the "regulators" giving the Chancellor the power to vary a wide range of revenue duties up or down in the course of the year. Both would only be used to prevent a boom going too far or, in the case of the payroll tax, to assist the movement of labour from one job to another.

Government proposals for the reform of the House of Lords are expected to be announced in the near future. Last week thirteen Conservative M.P.s signed a motion asking the Government to set up a joint committee of both Houses of Parliament to make recommendations for the renunciation of peerages. Mr. Wedgwood Benn, the centre of the current storm regarding the Lords, carried the controversy a stage further last Friday when he was adopted prospective Labour candidate in the S.E. Bristol by-election.

LAOS

Prince Souvanna Phouma, the "neutralist" leader and former Prime Minister, was expected to return to Laos in the middle of this week after his world tour. He reached Pekin from Moscow on Saturday last. It was believed last week-end the Prince's arrival home would coincide with the announcement of the cease-fire appeal to the rival armies, to be made by Britain and Russia, the joint Chairmen of the Geneva Conference of 1954. At the same time representatives of the international Three-Power Control Commission (Canada, India and Poland) would gather in Delhi, with a view to their return to Laos. Once the cease-fire has been accepted, the next step is the reconvening of the 1954 Geneva Conference (Britain, Russia, the U.S.A., France, China, North and South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos). The three Control Commission Powers and Thailand and Burma will probably also be invited to the new meeting. The representation of Laos will raise a problem. Presumably delegates will be sent by both Prince Boun Oum, the Right-Wing leader, and the pro-Communist Pathet Lao. Reports from the Far East indicated that China might ask for the partition of Laos into North and South, the former being under Communist domination.

ISRAEL

The trial of Adolf Eichmann in the special court in **Jerusalem** has entered its second phase after the legal battles concerning the court's competence to try Eichmann. The Prosecution is expected to take until the middle of July to complete its massive indictment: it will include documents from Gestapo and S.S. files, evidence from leaders of pre-war Jewish communities, a chronological presentation of Eichmann's role from the rise of Hitler to the outbreak of war, followed by a survey of the war years, and a country-by-country account of Nazi brutalities. The prosecution case will end with the appearance of survivors from Nazi extermination camps. It was expected that a further legal clash would develop with the inclusion of statements by Nazis tried and executed. Dr. Servatius, the Defence Counsel, might object on the grounds that these Nazis could not be cross-examined.

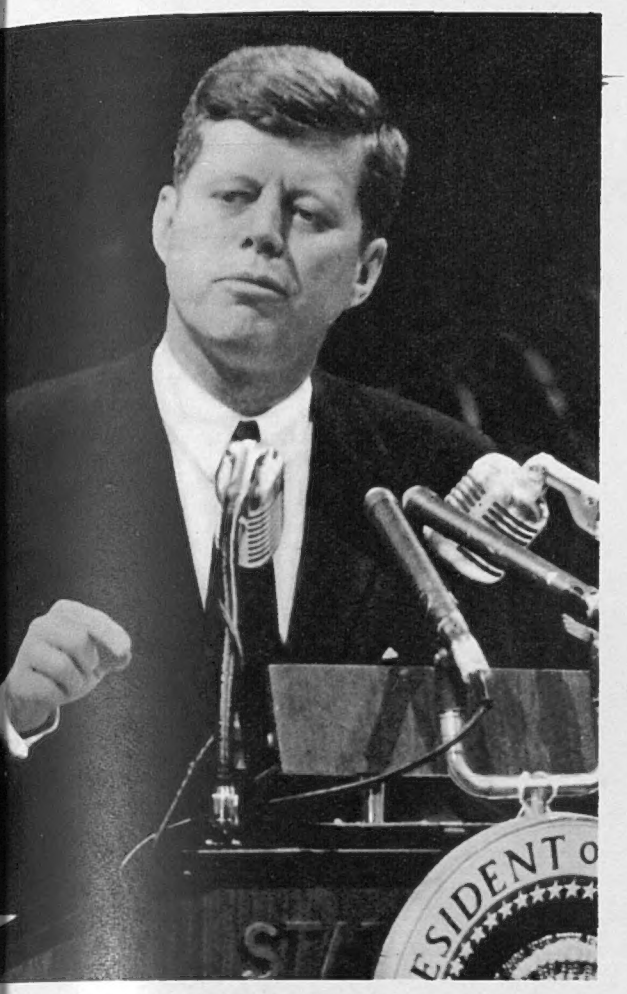
MIDDLE EAST

The conference of the Arab Military Advisory Conference opened in **Cairo** last week-end. Under the chairmanship of Lieut.-General Aly Amer, Assistant Secretary-General for Military Affairs of the Arab League, the secret meetings are attended by chief of staffs, or their deputies, of all the Arab League countries, except Tunisia. It is the first conference of the Advisory Committee to be held since 1955. The ostensible reason given for its convocation was to devise measures to deal with the situation arising from Israel's plans to divert part of the river Jordan in order to water the Negev.

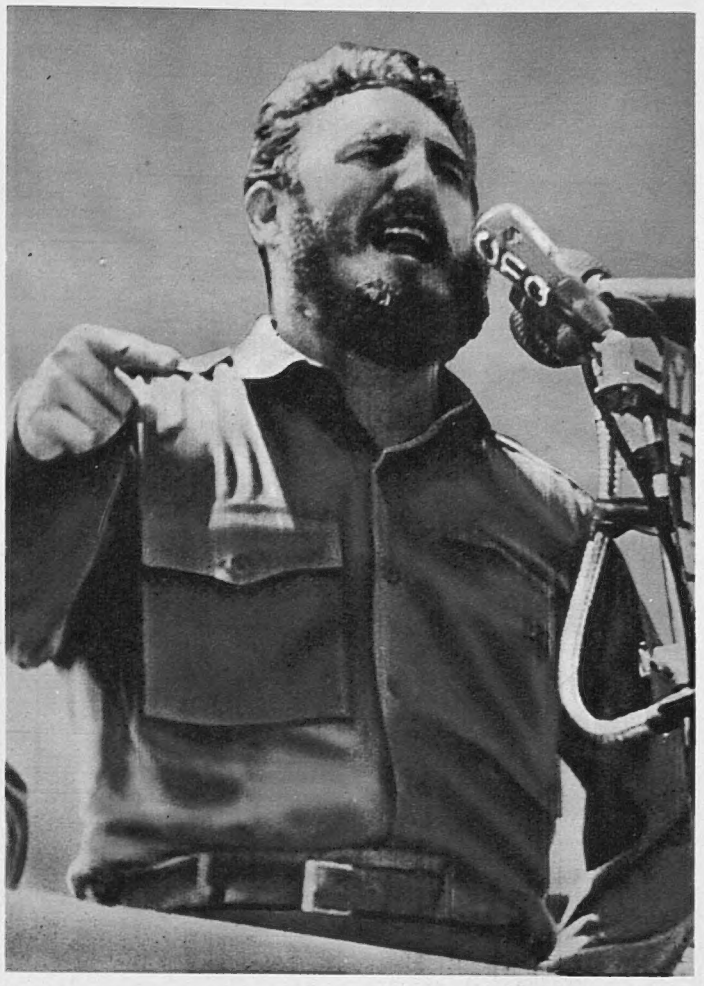
In **Bagdad** last week-end, Iraq and the Soviet Union signed two contracts to set up in Iraq two plants, one manufacturing agricultural machinery and the other electro-technical goods, under the £66,000,000 economic and technical co-operation agreement, signed in 1959 by the two countries.

ANGOLA

By last week-end it was apparent that the reported outbreaks of terrorism in the Portuguese Overseas Province had turned into a large-scale uprising. This has been organised by the Union des Populations de l'Angola (U.P.A.), from Leopoldville, in Congo. The rigorous censorship of news from Angola has prevented any estimate of casualties suffered on both sides, but reports have told of atrocities at least as bad as those committed in Congo. About seventy miles of the Congo-Angola border was taken over by the insurgents and arms have flowed into Angola. The country is mainly thick jungle, mountains, and 10-ft. high elephant grass, ideal for guerilla operations. All cars and lorries from Luanda into the interior must have military escorts. Evidence of the seriousness of the uprising is shown by the dismissal of Mgr. Neves, the former Vicar-General of Angola, accused of complicity in terrorist activities, and his replacement by Rev. Domingos Castro Mendes. In Lisbon 99 journalists were reported to have sent a demand to the Portuguese President for the removal of the censorship on the Portuguese Press.



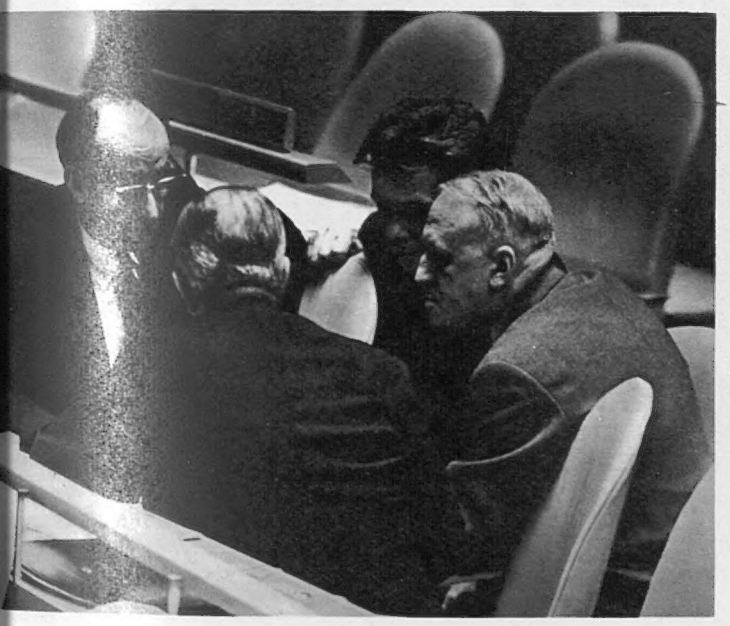
PRESIDENT KENNEDY SPEAKS IN WASHINGTON



THE CUBAN PREMIER, DR. CASTRO, SPEAKS IN HAVANA

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The short-lived invasion of Cuba last week by a group of exiles, seeking to overthrow the regime of Dr. Castro, has had repercussions throughout the world, mainly because of the apparent moral support for the invasion by the U.S. The actual course of the fighting was not officially revealed, nor the numbers of troops involved on both sides. According to a statement made in Washington, the invaders numbered about 1,200: they were met by well-armed Cuban forces, intensive anti-aircraft fire, and fierce strafing by Cuban-flown Russian MiG fighters. The invasion was organised by the Cuban National Revolutionary Council, led by Dr. Miro Cardona, a former associate of Castro. It was widely believed he had U.S. backing. It appeared that President Kennedy had been misled over the strength of feeling against Dr. Castro. Shortly after the invasion attempt began, Mr. Khrushchev sent a message to President Kennedy saying that the Soviet Union would render the Cuban people all necessary assistance in beating back armed invasion. (The U.S.S.R. is not formally committed to military support of Cuba, although a number of trade agreements, including military supplies, have been signed between the two countries.) In his reply to Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Kennedy was clearly under the impression that a large part of the Cuban people were opposed to Dr. Fidel Castro's extreme Left-wing regime. Later Mr. Khrushchev sent another message to President Kennedy, in which he challenged the U.S. claim to have special relations with Latin America. In the United Nations General Assembly, the Delegates did not endorse a resolution to refer the U.S.-Cuban dispute to the Organisation of American States. Instead, a resolution was adopted, exhorting U.N. members to take all possible peaceful action to remove tensions between the U.S. and Cuba.



SENOR ROA, THE CUBAN U.N. DELEGATE (LEFT), AND MR. ZORIN, THE SOVIET DELEGATE (RIGHT), AND THEIR AIDES

SENOR OLIVARES, CUBAN ACTING FOREIGN MINISTER, AT A CONFERENCE IN HAVANA

ANTI-CASTRO DEMONSTRATIONS IN NEW YORK

DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE U.S. EMBASSY IN MOSCOW

A LAND-ROVER TRAVELS ON WIRES DURING ARMY TRAINING IN DEVON

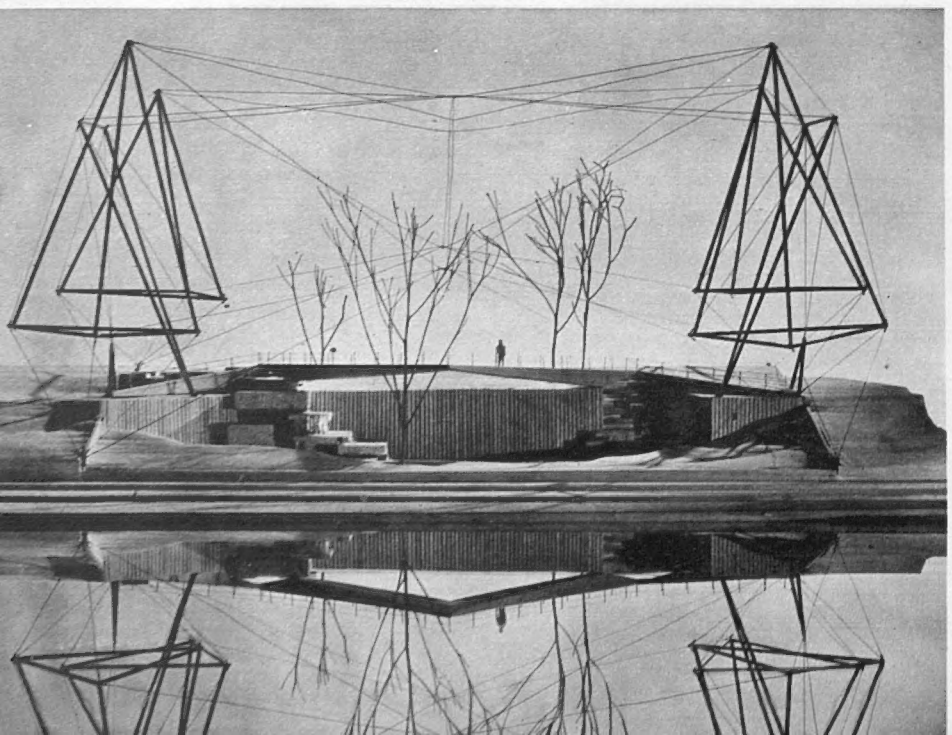
In the army training area at Fort Tregantle, near Plymouth, a Land-Rover, driven by Sapper Charles Grayson, crosses a chasm on two steel wires. The exercise concerned improvisation techniques developed by The Royal Australian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and being used by the British Army. The Land-Rover is fitted with special rims clamped on to its wheels. On this occasion it was driven a distance of 110 ft. on the wires. Usual methods would need about sixty tons of bridging material to provide a bridge capable of carrying a Land-Rover over this distance

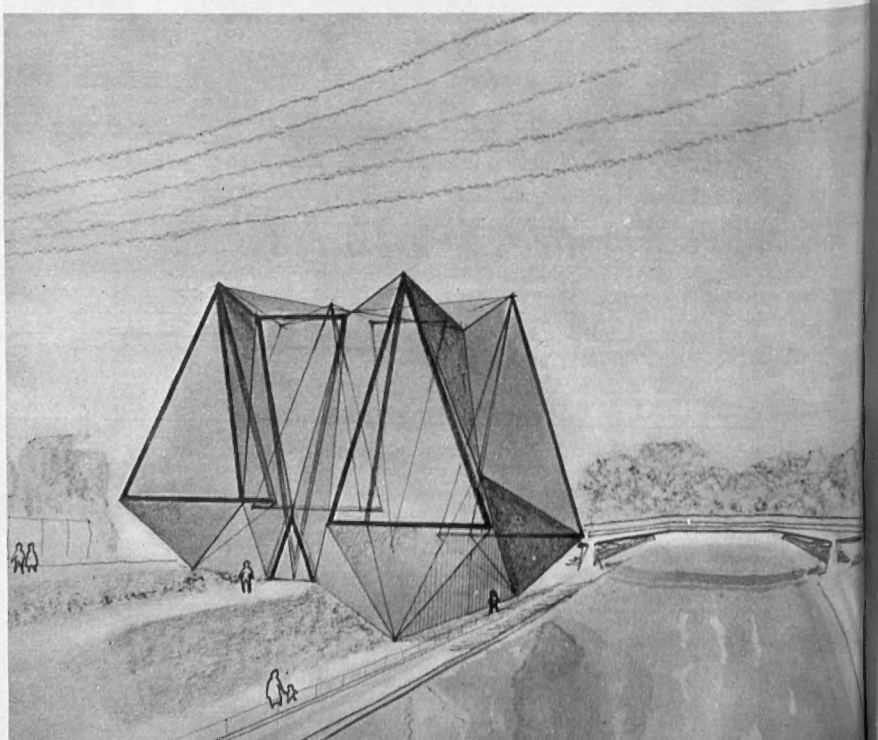
AN EASTERN REGION PASSENGER TRAIN DERAILED IN ESSEX

Below right: Wrecked coaches block the railway lines after an eight-coach passenger train from Fenchurch Street Station, London, to Shoeburyness, in Essex, overturned on a tree-lined embankment between Laindon and Pitsea Junction, in Essex. Two people died in the accident last week and over forty were injured, many seriously. Most of the injured were in the first carriage, which telescoped over the back of the derailed engine. The second coach reared over the top of the first. It is estimated that the train was carrying some 150 passengers at the time. The engine came to rest on its side on the edge of the embankment only a few yards short of a bridge over the main road from London to Southend

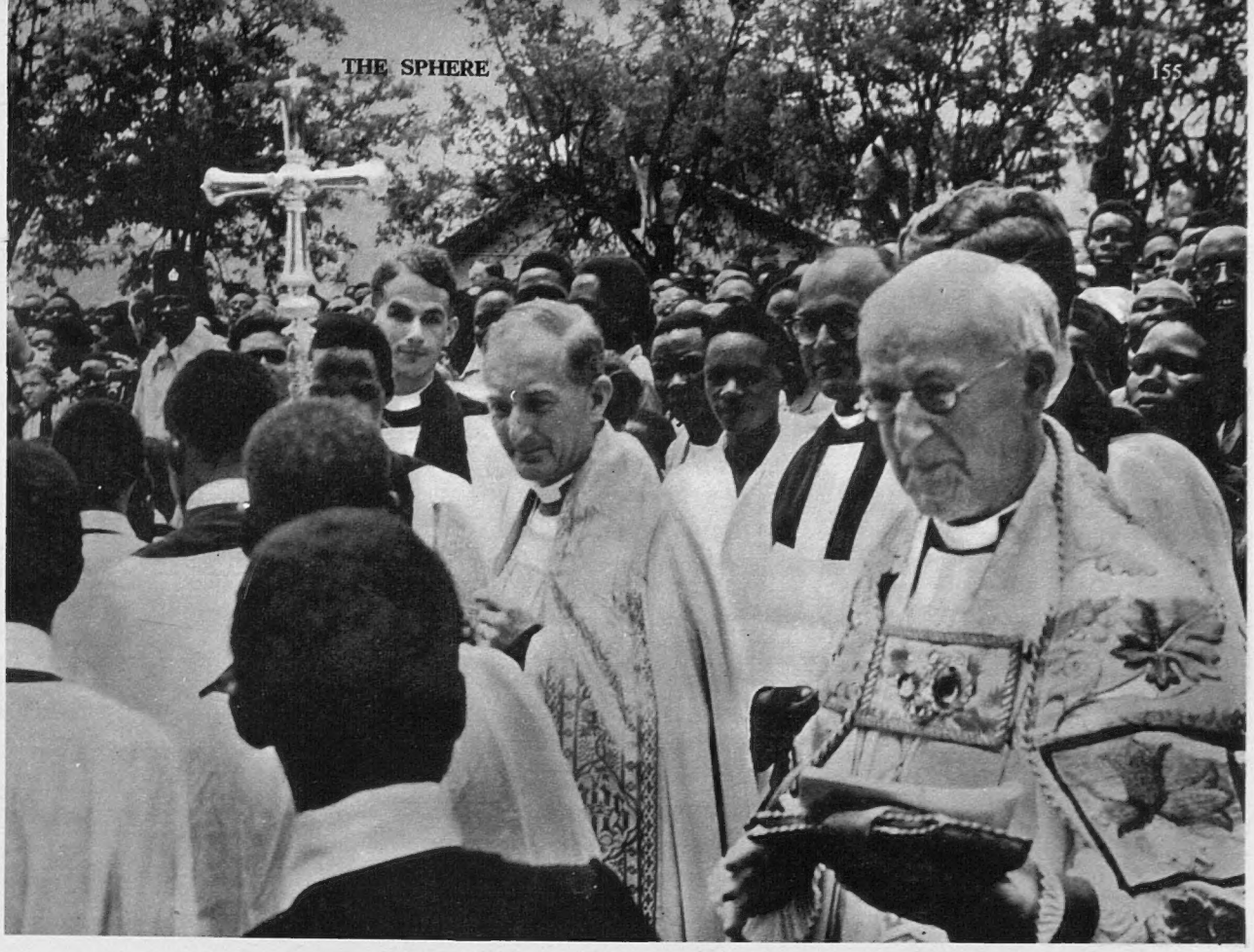
MR. ARMSTRONG-JONES DESIGNS AN AVIARY

A model for a new aviary for London Zoo was shown by Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones at a Press conference last week. **Below** is a photograph taken by Mr. Armstrong-Jones of the model as seen from across the Regent's Canal. **Below right** is a preliminary sketch looking west. The aviary will be 150 ft. long, 63 ft. wide and 80 ft. high. Its design was commissioned last November. Mr. Armstrong-Jones was helped by Mr. C. Price, an external lecturer on architecture and town planning at London University, and Mr. Frank Newby, a consulting engineer. The model of the aviary was made by Mr. Armstrong-Jones, using balsa-wood, copper tubing and picture wire





THE NEWS IN PICTURES

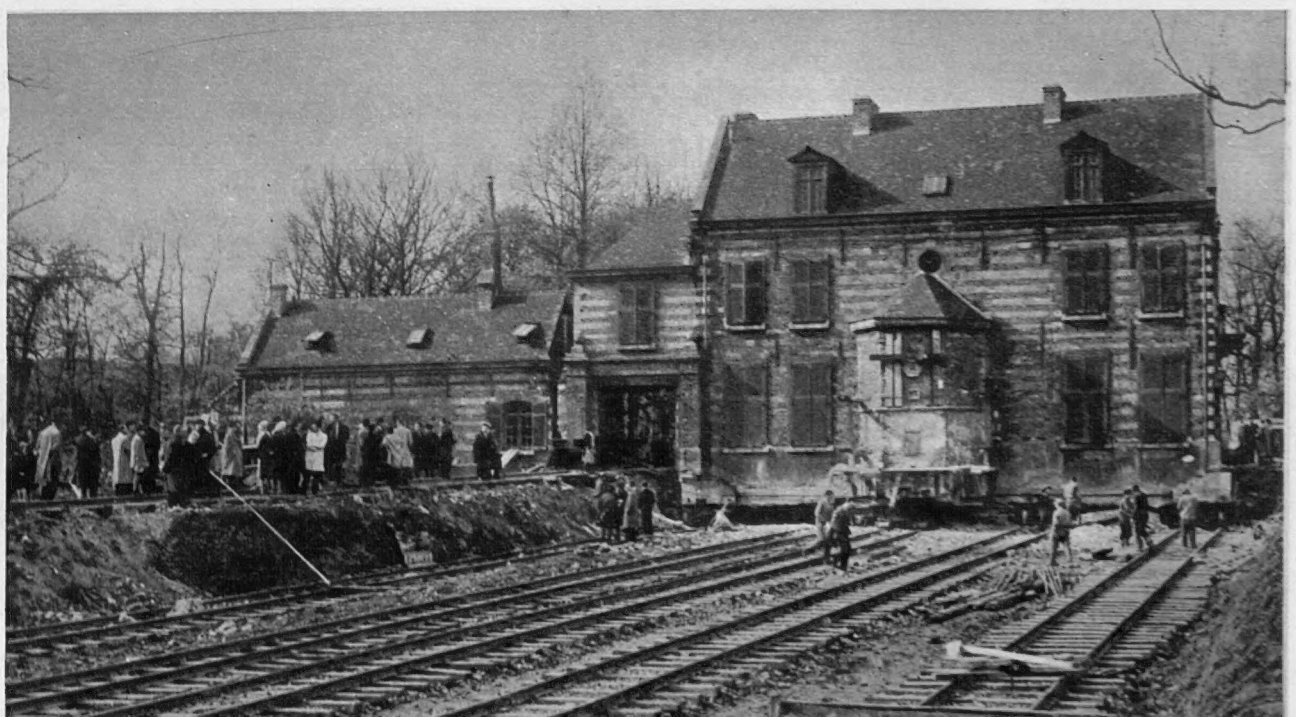


THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY INAUGURATES A NEW ANGLICAN PROVINCE IN AFRICA

Dr. Geoffrey Fisher (far right) and the first Archbishop of Uganda, the Most Rev. Leslie Brown, are outside Namirembe Cathedral after the inauguration of the new Anglican province of Uganda and Ruanda-Urundi. The new province is the last of all the Anglican Churches in central and southern Africa (outside the province of South Africa) to become entirely self-governing. The transfer of jurisdiction to local African Churches started in 1951 when Dr. Fisher inaugurated the province of West Africa. Central Africa followed in 1955, and East Africa in 1960. The latest province has eight dioceses and covers the area which previously formed the two vast dioceses of Uganda and the Upper Nile. Representatives from all the Anglican Churches in Africa attended the inauguration which was one of Dr. Fisher's last official acts overseas before his retirement on May 31. The primatial cross for the Archbishop of the province was given by the Governor of Uganda, Sir Frederick Crawford, and his family, in memory of the late Lady Crawford

A ROYAL WEDDING IN MADRID

Princess Teresa de Bourbon-dos Sicilias et Bourbon Parma, grand-daughter of the late King Alphonso of Spain, and Señor Inigo de Moreno et Arteaga Marquis de Laula receive guests after their wedding in the Spanish capital. At left is the bride's cousin, Prince Juan Carlos de Bourbon, the Pretender to the throne of Spain. The marriage of the Princess and Marquis took place in the Basilica of Our Lady of Atocha

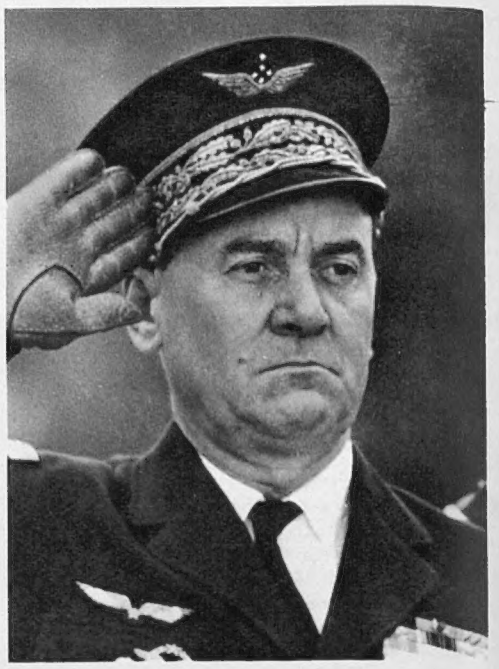


A NEW SITE FOR A FRENCH CHATEAU

The historic Château de Landas near Lille, in Northern France, is carried on several sets of railway lines. Weighing about 1,000 tons, the structure was lifted on to fifteen flat wagons and moved fifty yards to a new site. The operation was carried out in order to preserve the château from destruction. Its former site lies in the path of a new highway which is being built between Lille and Dunkirk. During the siege of Lille in the seventeenth century, Louis XIV of France stayed in the château

ALGERIA'S DEFIANCE

President de Gaulle makes his television broadcast in which he announced that he was assuming dictatorial powers



General Jouhaud, former Air Force commander

General Raoul Salan, another insurgent leader

General Olié, C.-in-C. in Algeria

M. Debré, the French Prime Minister, broadcasts an appeal for loyalty

Tanks take up position in Paris in preparation for defence against possible parachute drops by Algerian insurgents

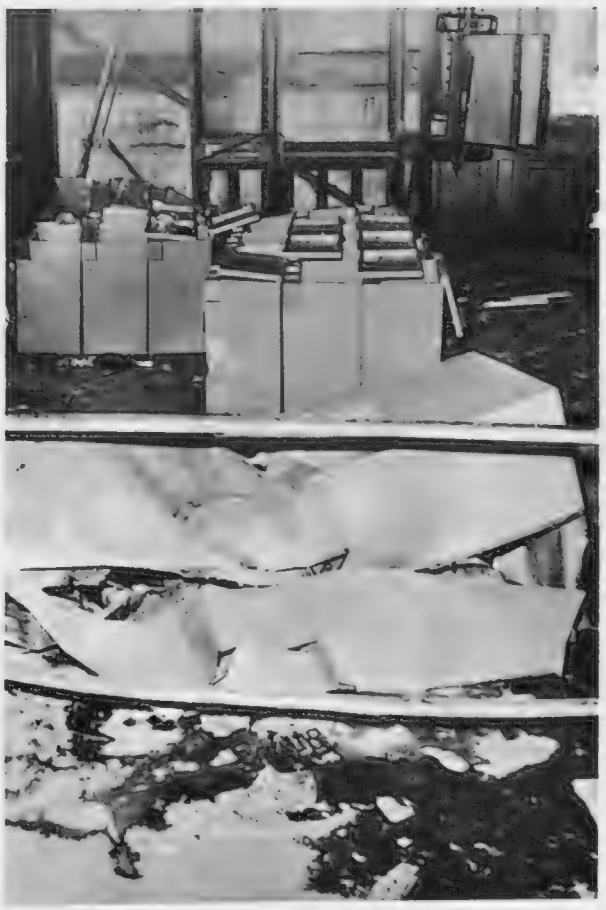
The first radio pictures, some of which are on these pages, to reach London after the news of the revolt in Algeria indicated the great gravity of the situation facing President de Gaulle. In Paris and elsewhere in Metropolitan France a number of bomb explosions in railway stations and other public buildings warned the authorities that the rebellious military chiefs had their sympathisers outside Algeria. Police immediately rounded up a number of suspects. Troops and armoured units were called out to guard against the danger of parachutists from Algeria attempting to drop. Orders for calling up reservists were issued. Ministers were in constant consultation and first M. Debré and then, on Sunday, General de Gaulle, broadcast to the nation. The latter forbade all soldiers to obey the insurgent generals and stated that he had assumed the full emergency powers allowed him under the Constitution when France is endangered.

General Olié, the Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, flew to Paris on Sunday to report on the situation. It seemed that the prime instigators of the revolt were four retired generals: General Salan, Commander-in-Chief in Algeria at the time of the uprising of May 1958 which led to General de Gaulle's return to power; General Challe, who succeeded General Salan in December 1958 and later became Deputy Supreme Commander, S.H.A.P.E., until early this year; General Jouhaud, a former deputy to Generals Salan and Challe in Algeria; and General Zeller, one-time Army Chief of Staff. Their claims that most of the Army in Algeria was behind them were not accepted in Paris. On Monday evening it seemed the climax of their attempted coup was near.

General André Zeller

General Maurice Challe

The damaged cloakroom at Orly Airport outside Paris after a plastic bomb had exploded in a locker



Two other bomb outrages in Paris—at the Gare d'Austerlitz (left) and at the Gare de Lyon

Left: Firemen at Courbevoie Town Hall deal with a fire started by bombs planted by terrorists

JOHN CONNELL

THOUGHTS OF A VISITING FIREMAN

The discussion was animated in the extreme. Its subject—a vexed one in Southern Rhodesia—was land apportionment. We were lunching at an agreeable sports club in an African township in Bulawayo. I (it is perhaps relevant to explain) was one of a group of visiting firemen. On my right was the Mayoress of Bulawayo; on my left the wife of an African Anglican clergyman. The others at the table were a senior official of Bulawayo City's Welfare Department (born and bred in Brighton), and two young African clerks in the City Administration.

As is the manner of visiting firemen, I was brimming over with information, as relevant and as precise as I could make it. Why, the Mayoress was asked, was it not possible for an African to buy or rent a home or a flat in the centre of the city? She expounded the reasons patiently and accurately, and (aware of a recent long talk with Southern Rhodesia's Minister for Native Affairs) I added that the goal towards which everyone was working was a state of affairs in which anyone, if he had the capital at his disposal, and quite irrespective of colour or race, could buy any house or business premises he wanted. One young man said ardently: " It is not capital that matters most; it is merit."

I am not sure that we were able to iron out the confusion inherent in that particular observation. The argument, however, did not languish; arguments don't, in Southern Rhodesia. But through the swirl of words—including a far from niggardly contribution of my own—I was

The Arts Block of the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland at Salisbury

trying to reach some assessment of all that I had seen and all that I had heard in four crowded and eventful days, and to make of that assessment a bridge, however frail and impermanent, between myself and these passionately eager, likeable, intransigent young men. Southern Rhodesia is evolving very rapidly a multiracial society; about the sincerity and earnest endeavour of those who are in charge of this process there can be no doubt whatever; the speed with which they are moving is exemplary; yet what they need most is time, and time is what they are least likely to be granted.

There is no air of imminent tragedy about Southern Rhodesia, though there is a real awareness of the immensity of the issues at stake. The atmosphere is profoundly different from that of Kenya. There is confidence, there is hope, there is perhaps a hint of complacency, and a touching faith in the beneficial results of good intentions energetically prosecuted. There is a good deal less obvious bitterness about the United Kingdom than I had expected. But there is a complete and candid lack of trust in the British Government. Ministers and senior officials, conscious of having been led up the garden not once but again and again by the British Government's blandishments, deepening often to solemn assurances, now are apt to demand, when a British Minister gives a verbal undertaking, " Please may we have it in writing."

This is a saddening reflection on our elected leaders, but there is a formidable accumulation of evidence to prove that it is quite justified. Confidence has disappeared; and it would be foolish and wrong of us, in Britain, to assume that all the blame for the rift lies with the Rhodesians. By far the greater part of it, in my opinion, lies in London.

The Rhodesians don't sit and brood on their misfortunes or their dangers. Their enthusiasm, their energy and their sincerity are all infectious. I wanted urgently to tell these impatient youths in Bulawayo of a morning Arthur Christiansen and I had spent in the offices of African Newspapers Limited, a concern which publishes one evening newspaper, an array of weeklies and several magazines, in English and vernacular, for African readers throughout the Federation. The managing director is a European—of South African origin; the heads of the production, distribution and advertising departments are Europeans. The Chief Editor—an able and vigorous young nationalist—is an African. All the editorial staff, reporters, sub-editors and rewrite men, are African. The stone hands, machine men and linotype operators are African. One or two of the secretaries are European, the others are African. We were taken all over the building by the Chief Editor. The offices are modern and well designed; just across the road are the railway tracks, and the great trains rumble, squeak and toot their way past.

In its setting, this newspaper enterprise must be seen as a courageous achievement and as something of the greatest promise. It is an example, and it is a challenge to pessimism. Certain fundamental differences between East and Central Africa must be faced. Multi-racialism in Kenya is a lie, a piece of noxious cant. The Rhodesians are endeavouring to make their multi-racial society viable; they are committed to making it work, because there is for them no alternative—it *must* work. With the enquiring visitor from the United Kingdom they are completely frank, because frankness and directness are of their nature. A senior and highly responsible official said to me: " We have nothing to hide; maybe we have much to explain."

They don't hide the worst, which is largely a heritage from the past. They are justifiably proud of the best, which heralds and will undoubtedly mould the future. The worst is certainly not in industry, which is modern, efficient and forward-looking; it is not in agriculture, for the Rhodesian farmers are amongst the most progressive in outlook in the world. It is not even in slumdom, the old " native locations " which are forty years old and more. I am not sure there are still not areas of London, Glasgow and Liverpool that are little better. I have seen hideously worse in Calcutta and Delhi. Slumdom is an evil; it is being tackled, by local government authorities in Salisbury and Bulawayo, with relentlessly benevolent paternalism: transfers to newly-developed housing areas, with all the problems and the same kind of solution that I knew, ten years ago, as a member of the Housing Committee of the St. Pancras Borough Council—ante-natal clinics, sports grounds, youth clubs, swimming baths, recreational centres.

There is one major difference, however: the city authorities in Bulawayo are in the beer business in a big way. They finance African welfare services out of the profits of the beer gardens which they own and run. This is an elaboration, I know, of a South African custom (incidentally, you are very conscious, all the time, of the nearness of the Union, and of the different mental climate). But while a South African beer hall is, frankly, a pretty grim, barrack-like shed, Bulawayo's beer gardens are agreeably and pleasantly laid out, places where a man may (and does) take his family, where the children tumble around under the trees, among the flowers, and over the outcrops of rock. Every beer garden has, by the by, its off licence, which sells bottled " European " lager, sherry, muscadel and ginger wine, " for consumption off the premises." The paternalism is intensive, the good intentions are manifest. What one looks for—and it is not easy to find—is any real and purposive African desire to assume the responsibility of local self-government. If that is evaded, what are the prospects in the wider national and federal fields?

Perhaps the answer may be in what, so far as I can see, I believe to be the best that the Federation has to offer: the University College of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. In the academic year 1961-62, which has just begun, there are some 250 undergraduates enrolled, of whom seventy are African (six of these are women). Throughout the College there is no segregation or discrimination of any kind: halls of residence (two for men, one for women), teaching and research, feeding, recreation and sport, all are shared by European and African alike. It is in its fifth full year. The Principal is a man of luminous faith, vision and courage, exerting a quiet leadership of the most distinctive character.

The College itself, which is heading obviously for full university status, is set on 500 acres of rising ground some miles outside Salisbury, but within sight of the city's strange array of skyscrapers. There are terraced gardens, wide playing fields, and in and around the buildings a great and heartening sense of space, of room for growth and development. I was reminded of two other young universities with which I am proud to have had some connections: Nottingham, on the hill above the Trent valley; and the Hebrew University, carved out of the rocky mountainside to the south of Jerusalem. This was not the only time, indeed, that I was aware of the similarities between Southern Rhodesia and Israel. There is the same pride in pioneering achievement; there is the same restless energy.

In both countries there is so much to see and to learn. Israel, too, has nothing to hide, though always much to explain; and the Rhodesians are becoming as good as the Israelis at explaining. Perhaps in part that accounts for my obvious sympathy and liking for them. The tasks of a visiting fireman, after all, are to listen, to learn and—above all—to try to understand.

"King" Albert of the Balubas (right centre) and his entourage at the village of Kuadi in South Kasai, Congo

A "KING" IN CONGO

When the trouble started in Congo last year, the province of South Kasai set up a separatist regime under President Albert Kalonji. Recently Mr. Kalonji was acclaimed "king" of the Baluba peoples. He has the title of Mulopwe (All-powerful), which has been in abeyance in the tribe for nearly 400 years, since the Baluba kingdom fell to the spears of the neighbouring Luluas. "King" Albert assumed his title at a ceremony attended by numerous chiefs and then set out on a tour of his kingdom. In one village he was greeted by a guard of honour of small boys with sticks shaped like rifles. His head-dress, studded with diamonds, was a reminder of South Kasai's source of wealth.

Left: The "king" meets Roman Catholic priests. **Below:** A guard of honour of boys awaits his arrival

The field at the start at Epsom racecourse for the Great Metropolitan Handicap. Little Buskins (20-1), ridden by W. Snaith and trained by Captain Boyd-Rochfort, was the winner

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

THE MOON—AND SIXPENCE. This Russian *hero* Gagarin deserves that name and his everlasting fame in history. I hand it to him on a charger. Every man must admire and wonder at courage which exceeds his imagination. But when it comes to assessing "what good came of it at last," a man is held down by the ossifications of his age. I was born in the 1880's when men were still held down to the Earth. Balloonists astonished us. We travelled the roads and measured its distances at dog-cart range. Our little Earth meant everything to us, and our tiny England was supremely important. Those Russians were illiterate in the mass; her few rich princes preferred to talk French. As for our view of the U.S.A., read your Trollope. It mattered to us a good deal who should receive the next Garter, and promotions in the peerage were thought highly important. And now Gagarin has foolscapped the wildest imaginations of Jules Verne and made Puck a silly boaster. And I am only left to regret that half the toil and time and money which went to make Gagarin a greater Columbus has not been used to make our Earth a tidier little place, before we abandoned it for other planets. I forget how many millions are still starving. For old age ties me down still to Earth and I cannot emulate the enthusiasms of younger men for this wonderful feat, except in marvelling at human courage, faith, determination and even modesty. All that this world-shaking event does for me is to stress more than ever the absurdities of our concurrent preoccupations, our adherence to antiquated tradition and our reaching out to remote worlds. Gagarin and Wedgwood Benn! They were in the headlines on the same day. And I suppose quite a big proportion of *our* 50,000,000 citizens are as much concerned with the future of Lord Stansgate as with the present glory of Gagarin, with the new Budget proposals as with the first visitor to the moon. But even the old folk know that Gagarin and that team of Russian scientists have reduced to midget importance the things that mattered in Victorian days, conventions, traditions, Britain and this little Earth itself. The museumisation of England has received a jolt. The cry will be for more and more scientists. If I were a young man, I should probably throw my hat in the air. Born in the 1880's, I keep it on my head to clamp my head to my shoulders. But certainly Gagarin has made our little world a comic strip. The moon and sixpence!

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY. All the long years I have been a journalist, I have promised myself that I would keep a file of the confident prophecies made publicly by politicians, financial and industrial wizards, weather experts and tipsters of all kinds and refer to my files when the events they prophesied had proved them to be foolish, and confront them with their prophecies and crown them with a fool's cap. But still I lack that tell-tale file. It's too easy. Perhaps I am enough of a sportsman to dislike shooting sitting hens in a fowl-run, or enough of a realist to know that my victims can hit

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back at me. If I had kept a record of my own pie-crust prophecies over thirty-five years, I should hardly have the courage to do my weekly stint (albeit I have long since been careful to ration prophecy and sit on the Delphic fence). Aren't we all . . .? In the matter of forecasting budgets and big-race winners, by-elections and general elections, we all wear the fool's cap and, so far from humiliating us, it positively encourages us to try again and forget the blotted pages. In that, we are greatly helped by the frailty of human memory. It seems that most journalists are like me. They always mean to keep a record of false prophecies but never do. And when they decide to trounce a false prophet in the party-political war-game, they have to do a lot of research into Hansard and dusty newspaper files to remember what Gladstone or Gaitskell, Lord Baldwin or Lord Balderdash, said in 1885 or 1945, and when they explode their petards, nothing much happens. The pundits go on pontificating and the public give to their pronouncements no more and no less attention than before. Many of the confident prophets on the result of the General Election of 1945 are still prophets of elections with a following, and the prophets of Mr. Lloyd's new Budget will live to prophesy again. But Jeremiahs among the prophets have the best chance nowadays to earn a crown and not a fool's cap. And with this view all but the business tycoons will agree after assessing Mr. Lloyd's first effort.

NATIONALISED (AND SILENT) REVOLUTION. Clever draftsmen, using infinite care, prepare White Papers and that on Government policy *vis à vis* the nationalised industries seems on its face to be no exception. But it is early days to claim it to be a means of making the nationalised industries pay their way or even to supply new and necessary discipline, agreeable to the taxpayer, to compel them to do so. It is a "five-year plan" (a word of only moderate comfort in many countries) from which only the Transport Commission, otherwise dealt with, is excepted. To you and me, this White Paper is not very convincing. "Surpluses on revenue over a five-year period shall at least be sufficient to cover deficits." Let us hope so. "No standard target will be set." "An appropriate level of self-finance of capital expenditure" is suggested. If the "unspecified target" or "the appropriate level" is not reached, "the Government would be bound to take a closer interest," "the Board would be required to propose measures to right the situation." The awful sanction for failure is not more specific. The Boards must try to increase their net revenues by reduction of costs but "must have freedom to make upward price adjustments." What does all this beautiful phrase-making appear to mean to you and me, a bunch of cynics and taxpayers? More services will be cancelled or reduced, if they don't pay the Board's finances. And those which remain available to us will be available at ever-increasing charges. We must go on as before relieving our feelings by "writing to *The Times* about it." Unless the clouds fall or the reign of Saturn returns, as it was in the beginning, it is now and ever shall be. But it's a beautifully drafted White Paper (price 1s.).

Leaving Victoria Station, London, for Tunisia, the Queen Mother waves to Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones

A NICELY RUN THING. The Central Hall, Westminster, has debated and voted on a special motion, strongly sponsored, that "the R.S.P.C.A. shall unconditionally oppose the hunting of foxes with hounds." Up to now, the Society, while generally opposing the hunting of wild animals, has sat on the fence about fox-hunting until a new method of keeping the breed of foxes in check has been found, less cruel than shooting, trapping or gassing. Its offer of £1,000 for a really humane method is still open. Two extraordinary meetings on the subject of fox-hunting within two years cost the Society quite a lot of money and waste of the officials' time, better devoted to general vigilance. In last week's debate the abolitionists again failed to secure the necessary proportional majority. So presumably the Society will continue its "on the fence" policy until the perfect method of control is found, rewarded and put into use. How difficult it is for humanitarians to steer the right course in the face of Nature, red in tooth and claw, which totally rejects mercy and humanity in the search for food. What is fun for the fox is decimation in the fowl-house and the warren. Why must the stoat go on torturing rabbits?

Neil McNeill, wearing a mask, and Miss Linden Zilliacus, daughter of the Labour M.P. for Gorton, hold anti-blood sports posters outside Central Hall, Westminster, before the R.S.P.C.A. meeting on fox-hunting

"THEY SAY: LET THEM SAY." I suppose it was absolutely inevitable that some Labour M.P. or columnist would take a sniping shot when the announcement was made that Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones would in due course move into No. 1A in Wren's building in Kensington Palace. And indeed the announcement fell at an unfortunate juncture, coinciding with a motion for an increased allotment for maintaining the Royal Palaces, and on the heels of the Bishop of Southwark's revelations concerning living conditions in his diocese and, for that matter, with Dr. Beeching's golden inducement to tidy up the railways. Money talks very loud indeed in a country of sharp contrasts. Certainly, the Ministry of Works might be criticised for having since the blitz neglected to spend a little money in arresting further dry-rot and other decay in No. 1A. Our Royal family is a national asset and must be fitly housed, but there seemed no urgent need for a move to still larger premises by Princess Margaret, and even the Royal Family nowadays know the difficulties of securing adequate staff to maintain large houses. *Suppressio veri* in matters of public concern is deplorable: judicious timing is sometimes desirable. There are always "snipers" who never lose a chance, and I sometimes think that people at the top show their contempt for them too contemptuously. For they have a following of a sort, gullible perhaps but numerically at any rate not negligible, and it does seem to me that more and more people are beginning to expect a belated example to be set from the top towards economy in unnecessary spending on pomps and vanities and some indication that the times are ripe to eliminate a few outworn examples of privilege and aristocratic government. The Victorian era is very long a-dying, but it seems that what was sanest and soundest in it dies first.

THE OLD STAGER

Andrew Rankin (John Standing) returns from his supposed studies abroad with a Greek girl friend, Fedra (Amanda Reiss), to the surprise of his sister Lucy Beckett (Diana Lambert) and her friend Michael Vickers (Derek Nimmo)

Hedda (Joan Greenwood), interviewed by a journalist, Rachel Stone (Hazel Terry), asks why the Press is so bad-tempered at the present time

ENTERTAINMENT

COMEDY TRIUMPHANT

"The Irregular Verb to Love" at the Criterion

Hugh and Margaret Williams's play, set firmly in a middle-class family, is a battle between serious matters and well-construed comedy on the topic of love. The forces of comedy, marshalled by Joan Greenwood, are never in danger of losing. Briefly, the plot concerns the affairs of the Rankin family: Felix (Hugh Williams), a curator at the zoo, is married to Hedda (Joan Greenwood), whose eccentricity has led her to bomb furriers' shops in the cause of protecting the animal world and to a term in prison. She comes home at the end of her sentence to find that her equally feckless son Andrew has returned from Europe with a Greek girl friend who cannot speak English. Nor is this all. Hedda's daughter, Lucy, having been divorced, has taken up with a young accountant and is expecting a child. The solution to these problems is smoothly encompassed with theatrical expertise, notably on the part of Joan Greenwood, whose angular, flustered grace and unmistakable whisper are deployed with her usual precision.

Home from prison, Hedda Rankin (Joan Greenwood) finds even the telephone directory delightful

Felix Rankin (Hugh Williams) is concerned about the future of his daughter, Lucy

The family gathers to celebrate Hedda's return from prison. From left are Lucy, Andrew, Hedda, Michael Vickers, and Fedra

Felix offers Michael money to take his daughter out for dinner in celebration of her engagement to Michael

The head of the household, Felix Rankin, believes that Bovril sandwiches taste better sprinkled with celery salt

Andrew explains the responsibilities of children to his parents, Felix and Hedda Rankin

Andrew, Fedra and translator, Mr. Andrikos (George Zenios)
Right: The family is alarmed by a loud explosion upstairs

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

To mark the occasion of Sierra Leone's independence and accession to full membership of the Commonwealth, "The Sphere" this week publishes these exclusive messages from Commonwealth leaders. Pictures and articles on Sierra Leone are on pages 166 and 179 to 183

Sir Milton Margai has been Sierra Leone's Prime Minister since 1954

From Sir Milton Margai, Prime Minister of Sierra Leone.

"It was with very great pride and joy that I heard of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' welcome to Sierra Leone as a full member of the Commonwealth of Nations. We in Sierra Leone regard our membership of this great family of nations both as an honour, which we shall strive to deserve, and as a challenge, which we readily accept, to work for world peace and for the mutual prosperity of mankind everywhere.

"Sierra Leone is a small country, but we are confident in our ability to build upon the heritage we have derived from our long and happy association with Britain, and to tackle the many problems and difficulties which confront us.

"We shall continue to welcome foreign investment to the fullest possible extent and to encourage this our policy provides for the unrestricted repatriation of capital, profits and interest and for generous and flexible tax concessions. We do not propose to nationalise any form of commercial, mining or industrial undertaking and if new and unforeseen circumstances should dictate a change in this respect, we acknowledge our obligation to pay fair compensation which would, if necessary, be determined by arbitration.

"We have courage, purpose and determination. With God's guidance we shall be judged by our quality and our sincerity."

Mrs. Pandit with the Duke of Devonshire, Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Commonwealth Relations Office, at a luncheon given recently in her honour in London

From the Hon. G. A. Drew, Q.C., High Commissioner for Canada in the United Kingdom.

"I am pleased to extend a welcome to Sierra Leone as a new member of the Commonwealth.

"Canada was the first of the former colonies in the British Empire to attain responsible and representative government. Canadians attach a special significance to their membership in the Commonwealth because the establishment of a self-governing nation as a partner of Great Britain was a Canadian concept which found expression in the British North America Act of 1867. From that beginning has emerged the Commonwealth we know today.

"Canadians are proud that their country is a member of this unique institution which embraces a multitude of regional interests in all continents and embraces in one political family all races and creeds. Much good can come to the whole world from this free association of nations, and Canadians warmly welcome Sierra Leone as its newest member."

From Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, High Commissioner for India in the United Kingdom.

"Sierra Leone's independence is a matter of deep satisfaction to all countries of the Commonwealth and I send my best wishes to this youngest member of our expanding community for the happiness and progress of its people in the years ahead.

"As an African country, and an independent sovereign member of the Commonwealth, Sierra Leone has an important part to play. Countries are no longer judged by their size but by the contribution they can make to the sum total of human welfare.

"In our small world we are each dependent on the other to an ever-increasing extent. Sierra Leone will require outside assistance, both economic and technical, for her development, and the sympathetic understanding of her friends. I am sure both will be extended in full measure and that Sierra Leone's future will be a bright one."

WEALTH

Admiralty House
Whitehall, S.W.1

It was with great pleasure and satisfaction that I was able to tell the Commonwealth Prime Ministers at their meeting last February of the forthcoming independence of Sierra Leone. They at once said that they looked forward to welcoming Sierra Leone into the number of the sovereign members of the Commonwealth.

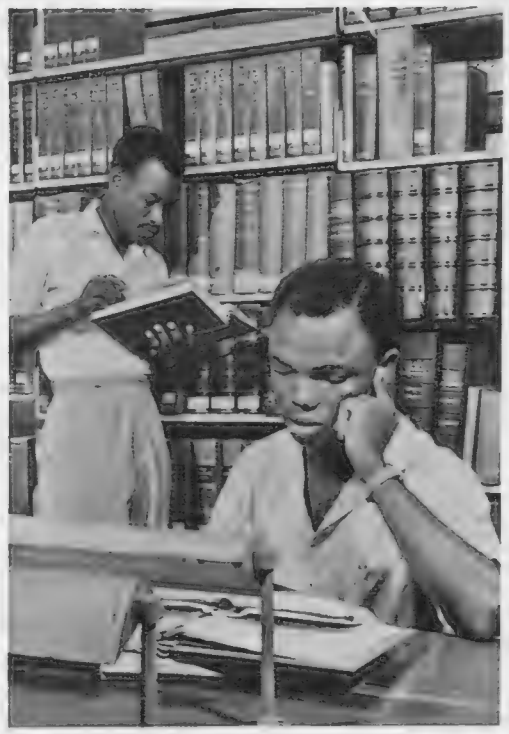
This youngest of the Commonwealth nations will also be among the smallest. None the less we can say, with a confidence based on our long and friendly relations, that the Commonwealth will be the richer for its accession, and that the ideals which the Commonwealth cherishes will flourish in Sierra Leone.

Harold Macmillan

April 14, 1961

The message from Mr. Harold Macmillan

The entrance to the Government Buildings in Freetown, the capital and chief port of Sierra Leone. Meetings of the House of Representatives had been held here for some years



Left: Students in the library in Fourah Bay College, Freetown. It was founded in 1827 by the Church Missionary Society and is affiliated to Durham University in England. Degree courses are provided in the arts, sciences and theology. There are also courses for the training of teachers

Below: Students work with microscopes during a lecture in the new science laboratory of the College at Fourah Bay

The Hon. George A. Drew

Alhaji Abdulmaliki

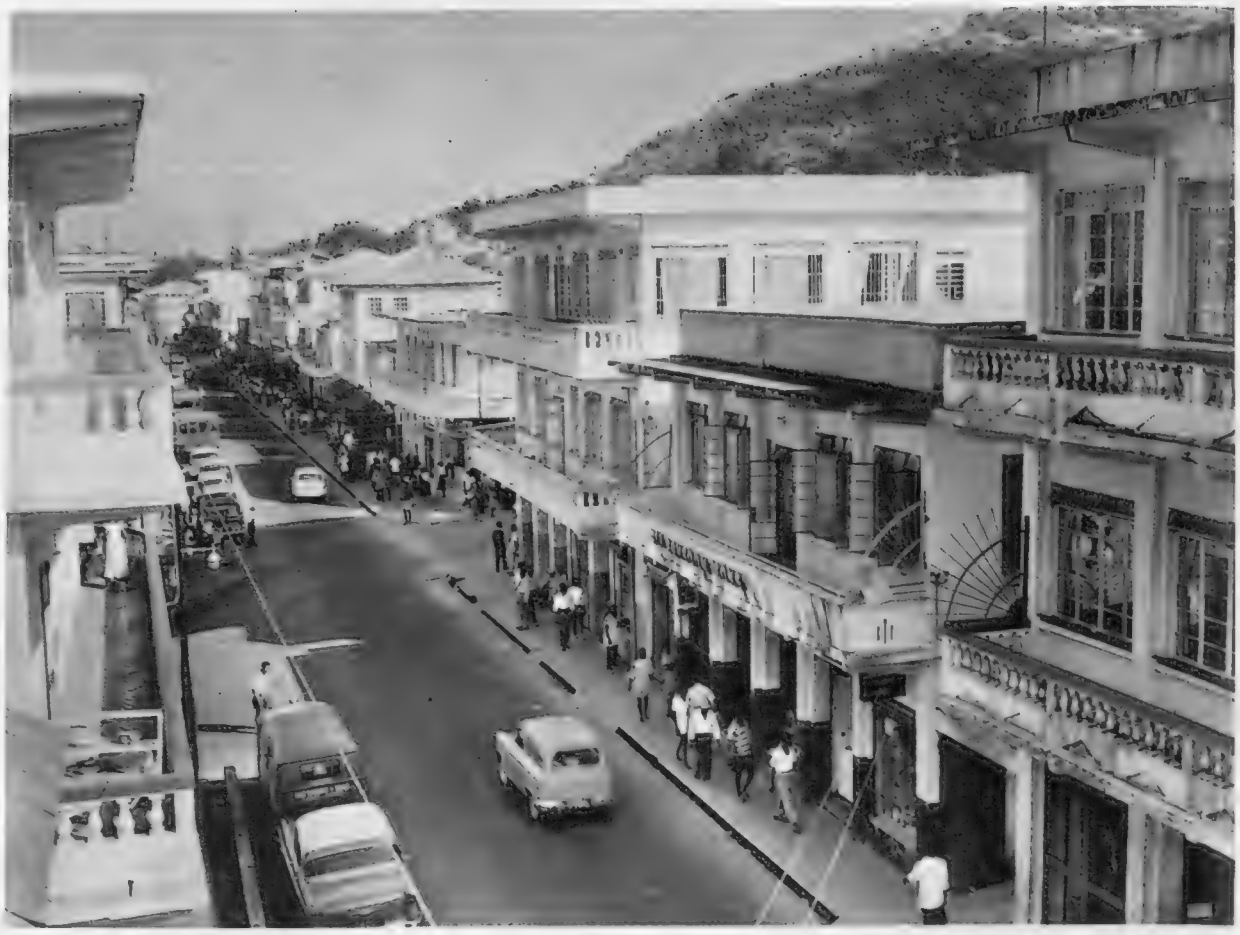
From Alhaji Abdulmaliki, High Commissioner for the Federation of Nigeria in the United Kingdom.

" It is with great pleasure that I send the ' Voice of the Commonwealth ' this short message on the occasion of the Independence of Sierra Leone. Apart from the family connections between the people of Nigeria and the people of Sierra Leone, there are many other factors which link us together. The noble role which Fourah Bay College had played in the education of Nigerians cannot be forgotten. But, above all, it is a happy coincidence that our two countries share common ideals and beliefs and in many respects, our approach to problems in Africa and the world at large are identical.

" On behalf of Nigeria, I sincerely welcome Sierra Leone into the Commonwealth and hope that she will play her full part in making this family of nations a living reality."

SIERRA LEONE

The busy atmosphere of Freetown is indicative of the progress made in Sierra Leone in its development to Independence. Pavements are usually crowded throughout the day and roundabouts and one-way streets are needed to control the flow of traffic. As regards local government, the capital has enjoyed a substantial measure of self-rule since the first settlement at the end of the eighteenth century. In the earliest stage the town had a representative government. In 1893, the Charter conferring municipal status gave the citizens the most liberal constitution of any African town at that period. Other towns have developed elsewhere in the country. Everywhere noticeable features are the school buildings, emphasising the importance placed on education throughout Sierra Leone (see also articles and pictures on pp. 179-183).



Kissy street, a busy shopping centre in Freetown, is flanked by many modern white buildings

A road junction in the centre of the capital of Sierra Leone

Women carry loads on their heads in Makeni, a large town in the Northern Province

Left: The two-storeyed dormitory block in the Magburaka Central School

A fine new school building which has been erected in the South-Western Province

The Lobby in the Cavendish Hotel, in Jermyn Street, with the guests' letters laid out on the table, has the atmosphere of a country house

"THE CAVENDISH"

A famous London hotel which will soon be demolished

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

One of the best-known hotels in fiction is Arnold Bennett's Grand Babylon. Of course, it exists in fact in almost every large city in the civilised world. For the Grand Babylon is symbolic of the most up-to-date, the most modern, the most fashionable and usually the most expensive of establishments. It is comfortable enough, but in the latest style. Today the fittings tend to be in chromium, chairs are of odd shapes made to the designs of an expert in psychological posture, lighting is fixed in strips in the most unlikely places at the decree of an ocular specialist and the colour schemes in the private suites are the work of positively the latest interior decorator. In the halls and vestibules there is a perpetual rush and bustle. "The Grand Babylon lifts travel very fast." Again, to quote the basic authority, "You wander in, you wander out, and who cares? You are only an item in a crowd."

London has its Grand Babylons dotted about its West End. Yet those familiar with the Parish of St. James, to give the area its proper title, know that it is full of surprises. Therefore perhaps it is not unexpected to learn that within a literal stone's-throw of Piccadilly there is a hotel the precise antithesis of the Grand Babylon.

Here good taste and not the craze of fashion decrees the tone. Furnishings of metal are remarkable for their absence. "The latest" matters not at all. Public and private rooms are furnished with the elegance of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and with the ample sofas and armchairs of Edwardian days. Walls are adorned with paintings, drawings

(*Continued on following pages*)

The paved courtyard of the hotel

The post box

c

"THE CAVENDISH"

(*Continued from page 167*)

and prints which have a lasting quality. No one who stays here is "only an item in a crowd." All are guests in the proper sense of the word. This is the Cavendish Hotel, in Jermyn Street, one of London's oldest hotels and for the past fifty years an institution cherished by the discriminating on both sides of the Atlantic. Tragically, it is soon to become a memory. Within the next two years it is to be pulled down. Its history will be an addition to the many entries to be found in the records of London under the heading of that melancholy word " demolished."

The Cavendish, as we know it today, consists of three houses in Jermyn Street, Nos. 81, 82 and 83. No. 81 was erected in the 1670's as a private residence. Although it has since undergone many alterations it has never been completely rebuilt. In 1747 its owner was Sir John Shelley, who added the existing canted bay at the rear. No. 81 became a hotel—Miller's hotel—at the end of the eighteenth century. Miller added the attics. The name of the hotel was changed in 1830 for a brief period to the Orleans. Six years later it was again renamed as the Cavendish. In 1904 a very remarkable character took over the proprietorship, Mrs. Rosa Lewis.

Seven years later she embodied the two houses next door into the Cavendish. They dated from 1727 and had been a hotel—the British Hotel—since at least 1803. In the last war the Cavendish suffered severe bomb damage. Miller's attics have not been used since then and much of the frontage on Jermyn Street has had to be restored.

So much for the architecture of the place. Even more important is the atmosphere inside. It was created by Mrs. Lewis, who died in 1952, and has been maintained by her successor as proprietress, Miss Jeffery, an associate over many years. The entrance from Jermyn Street is small but the observant passer-by can hardly fail to notice, at the right of the doorstep, the stone in memory of " Kippy, 1912-1929." Kippy was Mrs. Lewis's dog and he spent many hours each day sitting at this spot.

There are two features in the little vestibule: an eighteenth-century porter's chair, with a hood on it to keep off the draughts, and a fine flat oak post-box, with flaps for letters to " London " and " Country." These pieces are the *hors d'œuvres* for the Lobby in which

A baroque mirror in a private sitting room in which elegance and comfort are combined

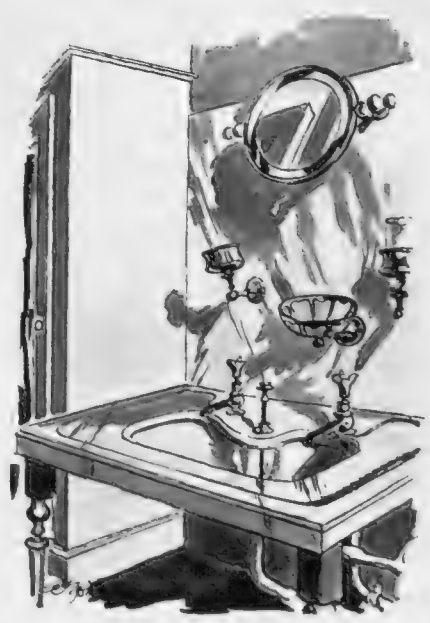
A drawing room in the Caven

dish has a fine open fireplace, armchairs with chintz covers and various pieces of antique furniture. An early painting by Sickert hangs under the lamps

the incoming post for the residents is laid out on a long, old-fashioned table. One senses at once an atmosphere of confidence, of trust, of a feeling that this is a private residence for the discerning rather than a public hotel.

The feeling is sustained wherever one goes. In the public and private rooms there are always chintz-covered easy chairs and sofas; tables, chairs and desks of the schools of Chippendale and Sheraton; and an abundance of pictures which would make the mouth water of any collector. On the walls of a private drawing-room, for example, are drawings of a "Head of a Girl," by Augustus John; of a "Waiter at the Cavendish," by Sir Alfred Munnings, and an early panel in oils, "Dieppe Races," by Sickert. In corridors, on the stairs and in private rooms one notices prints after Alken, Pollard and Moreland.

The Cavendish is what it is because of the personality of Mrs. Lewis. For fifty years she knew everyone that mattered. Or, more correctly, everybody that mattered knew her. She furnished her hotel with a discriminating eye for discriminating people. And that did not mean they had to come from any one particular class. This tradition is carried on by her successor. As one walks with Miss Jeffery along the corridors she greets each guest by name, and receives a similar greeting in return. (Who can imagine the proprietor of the Grand Babylon doing this ?)



An Edwardian marble hand-basin with brass fixtures

As I came away from a recent visit to the Cavendish and walked into Jermyn Street, I saw a poster proclaiming "Man in Space, and Back. Official." I realised that I had moved from a past age into a future from which there can be no turning back. The hotel will have to come down. One hopes that at least the authorities will have the generosity to put on the wall of the building which will take its place a plaque commemorating the Cavendish. It will bring happy and nostalgic memories to many.

Charles Dimont

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SURPRISES OF BRADFORD-ON-AVON

The proper way to go to Bradford-on-Avon is from Trowbridge. This is not the most picturesque way, not by a long chalk, but it is the proper way because of the sharp contrast it provides. We are very apt to talk about the "infinite variety of the English scene"; nowhere will you find this better exemplified.

Trowbridge, though it contains a number of good eighteenth-century houses, dignified and well-proportioned, a large fifteenth-century (but considerably rebuilt) parish church and a very fine county hall, is a rather characterless town, set in a flat and characterless countryside. It has always struck me as a midland rather than a Wiltshire town, and the countryside immediately surrounding it is neither downland nor valley, but reminiscent of the midland plain in the neighbourhood of Burton-upon-Trent. You travel a mere four miles to Bradford-on-Avon, but you enter another world. The contrast in so short a distance is unbelievable. Reached in this way, one's first impression of Bradford-on-Avon makes an impact that can never be forgotten.

If Trowbridge is not typical of Wiltshire, then neither is Bradford-on-Avon. It is a stone town and physically it belongs to the Bath area of Somerset. Bath is distant only nine miles. What distinguishes it from its more famous neighbour is its situation. If you walk about Bradford-on-Avon for only a short while, and if you come from a flat district that is all you will want to do, so bitterly will your calves complain, you will soon begin to wonder that anyone should ever have thought of building a town here. No modern town-planner would consider such a site for a moment. The streets run up and down extremely steep and sudden hills; so steep that many of the houses are, so to speak, cut into the hillside, the front-door being on one level, the back-door on quite another.

Though Bradford-on-Avon belongs physically to the Bath area, it is really very much more like some parts of Switzerland. It has just the same tall narrow houses (differing only in the stone), just one room wide and apparently held up only by the houses closely packed on each side and the hill behind, that you find in some of the mountainous districts there.

Bradford-on-Avon is said to have been founded by St. Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, who started a daughter abbey here. William of Malmesbury, not the most accurate of historians, says that he built the little church of St. Lawrence, which is still to be seen and which is the most perfect example of Saxon architecture surviving in this country to-day.

The ancient Pilgrim Chapel on the bridge at Bradford-on-Avon

Exploration of Bradford-on-Avon can be an adventure, so great are the surprises it reveals; and especially if you can gain admittance to some of the houses. There are some half-way up the town which look from the outside like one-storeyed cottages. (I notice, by the way, that some of the locals never speak of half-way up, but always of half-way down: perhaps it makes the climb seem less.) You enter the front-door at street level—and find yourself on the top floor of what turns out to be quite a large town house. You go downstairs to the bedrooms, and you may then have a most magnificent view over the valley and the river far, far below you. It is not at all the sort of thing that you would expect to find in England.

His statement has long been dismissed as a legend; on the principle, I suppose, that it is safer to disbelieve anything that William of Malmesbury says. Recent research on the fabric has, however, led some authorities to uphold poor William. There seems to be no doubt that the building is of two periods and it is now believed that the lower part of the walls belongs to the church built by St. Aldhelm about A.D. 700. The strange thing is that this notable church, the only complete church of Saxon architecture in England, was not discovered until about a century ago. It was so thoroughly hemmed in by other buildings that it was simply not noticed: at the time of its discovery the chancel was used as a gardener's cottage. The little church had been put to secular uses for such a long time that there was no folk-memory of it having been employed in any other capacity.

But Bradford-on-Avon is a storehouse of notable buildings. Perhaps the best known, because the most easily seen, is the little Pilgrim Chapel, which has also been used as a lock-up, on the beautiful nine-arched bridge. Among many buildings of historic interest, the Old Priory, the Chantry House, the Church House, the Tory Chapel, and one of the most impressive Tithe barns in Britain, 168 ft. long and stone-roofed with walls 4 ft. thick, deserve special visits and close inspection. There are also many fine town houses which can be seen. The best of these is Kingston House.

Why all this in this little Wiltshire town? Let Defoe give the answer:

> They told me at Bradford that it was no extraordinary thing to have clothiers in that country worth from ten thousand to forty thousand pounds a man, and many of the great families, who now pass for gentry, have been originally raised from and built up by this truly noble manufacture.

Bradford-on-Avon was a great cloth town, an industrial centre, and among the great families, "who now pass for gentry," you will discover the names of Methuen, Manvers, and Long.

The woollen industry and the fortunes it created have long since departed. The last cloth mill closed down in 1905. But it would be wrong to think of Bradford-on-Avon, as I am sure most casual visitors do, as a sleepy little country town living in the past, an architectural museumpiece. It is still an industrial town and, small though it is, a most important one. There is a good deal of light industry of the type you will find in small towns all over England (printing, light engineering, and so on) and also an unusual one for a town—mushroom-growing.

Bradford - on - Avon can boast the oldest continuous mushroom-farm in Britain: it was started in one of the quarries in 1870. But all this alone would not be sufficient to account for the undeniable air of well-being which permeates the place. For this rubber is responsible.

Bradford-on-Avon is a rubber town. As long ago as 1848 one Stephen Moulton started a rubber works in a disused cloth mill. The firm—George Spencer, Moulton and Co. Ltd.—is still going and today provides employment for the majority of Bradford-on-Avon's working population. I confess that I had never heard of them and when I first did, in casual conversation in a pub, I thought that this was just a small rubber firm in a small town. Not a bit of it. This firm is the world's largest manufacturer of rubber springs. That was my biggest surprise in a town that is full of surprises.

Claverton Manor, a Regency country house built in 1820

Miss Mary Thorne arranges the millinery collection

An eighteenth-century tavern where visitors will receive free gingerbread

AN AMERICAN MUSEUM NEAR BATH

Examples of early American culture and art, which have never been widely exhibited in Europe, will soon be on permanent display to the public at Claverton Manor, near Bath, in Somerset. This early nineteenth-century stone house has been transformed into a museum as a result of the work of two Americans, Mr. John Judkyn, an art collector, and Dr. Dallas Pratt, who noticed that little American decorative art was shown in European museums. The exhibition, which will open at the beginning of July, has been financed by the Halcyon Foundation of New York which was formed by Dr. Pratt in 1956. Visitors will be able to tour over a dozen rooms arranged in chronological order, starting from the late seventeenth century. Many of the furnishings in the interior come from American collections. They include an eighteenth-century tavern and a seventeenth-century living-room. This year a selection of folk art from the Rockefeller Collection, including many American Primitive paintings, will also be on show.

The magnificent Deer Park parlour furnished in late eighteenth-century style

The stencilled bedroom of about 1830 from Connecticut

TRAVEL

ROUND THE LAKE OF LUCERNE

By GORDON COOPER

For well over a hundred years Central Switzerland, and especially the Lake of Lucerne, has been the happy holiday hunting ground for the British visitor. And this popularity is well deserved, for nowhere else in Switzerland is there more delightful scenery, with enough variety to make it appeal to almost every taste. Whenever I am asked by those about to make their first plunge into continental travel, I have no hesitation in recommending Central Switzerland. This is a sincere tribute. Despite some sophisticated disparagers who talk of picture-postcard scenery and alleged commercialisation, apart from superb scenic beauty there are all the virtues with which the Swiss invest their holiday industry: honesty, cleanliness, good food, and efficiency in transportation and tourist facilities.

The best starting-point for a visit to Central Switzerland is Lucerne, a town which lies around the westernmost end of the Lake of Lucerne. On arrival by train—the nearest airport is at Zurich—you emerge from the station to look on one of the most romantic pictures in Europe: the fourteenth-century rampart walls with medieval watch-towers which look marvellous when illuminated after dark, and the two covered bridges (decorated with curious paintings) across the River Reuss. I like to step into the famous *Aunt Matilda*, an electric-driven motor-car about sixty years old, which takes me in stately fashion to the *Schweizerhof*, one of Switzerland's most pleasant hotels, family-run and close to the lake. The *Grand National* and the *Palace* are two other excellent first-class hotels.

The Tourist Office in Lucerne is outstanding in its efficiency, and you should pay it a visit on arrival to find out about excursions and ticket concessions. After-dark entertainment has its main centre in the Casino, where there are frequent performances by yodellers, folklore groups, flag-throwers and Alpine horn blowers.

Among the high spots of Lucerne I think that the famous Lion Monument comes first, for it is the almost perfect war memorial—a memorial to those Swiss Guards who died in defending the Royal Family of France in 1792 in the Tuileries. If you are lucky, you can attend a concert there. It forms a perfect setting, and the orchestra sits on a platform overhanging the pool below on whose surface there is a reflection of the monument and its pathetic lion. A stroll through the streets of the old town is rewarding, as is also the ascent of the Dietschiberg (by funicular), for the outlook, both immediate and distant, is superb. Here, too, are an 18-hole golf course, a Museum of Swiss Folk Costumes, and an extensive and intricate model railway.

The two most popular excursions close to Lucerne are the ascent of Pilatus (by rack-railway or on foot) and to Wagner's Villa at Tribschen where he had his home for some six years; it is now a Wagnerian Museum. Further afield, no one should miss making the round trip by steamer of the lake. On the journey you make calls at several well-known resorts: Bürgenstock, with its luxury hotels situated on a lofty ledge, Weggis and Vitznau, both idyllic villages, while from the latter there is an electric rack-and-pinion railway up the Rigi, a queen among mountains; it is also accessible on foot from Weggis and by mountain railway from Arth-Goldau.

Next comes Brunnen, second only to Lucerne in importance as a tourist resort and a recommended base for excursions: to Schwyz, for instance, the cantonal capital, a mere village in size, but according to Arnold Lunn " There is perhaps no Canton in which the Swiss bourgeoise art of the Renaissance and Baroque can be studied to greater advantage than in Schwyz."

Just across the lake from Brunnen is Rütli, perhaps the most hallowed spot in Switzerland, for it was here at a meadow that the representatives of the cantons of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden swore the oath that confirmed the formation of Switzerland by the " Everlasting Pact " of August 1, 1291. Each year tens of thousands of loyal Swiss make a pilgrimage to this spot which is not spoilt by any form of commercial exploitation. Surely no other nation can boast a birthplace so beautiful and serene.

Close to Rütli is the upland resort of Seelisberg, reached by funicular from lakeside Treib. At the southernmost tip of Lake Lucerne is Flüelen, which for six centuries was one of the most important reloading centres of the St. Gotthard Route. It was here that, according to legend, William Tell shot the apple from his son's head and in the central square there is a commemorative statue.

Away from the lake two outstanding excursions are to Einsiedeln, one of the chief pilgrimage shrines of Europe and whose abbey contains a famous Black Virgin; and to Engelberg, a Monastery-Township and a wonderful holiday resort both in summer and winter. From it you can ascend by cable-railway to the idyllic lake at Trübsee, where there is a terrace with a three-starred view. A chair-lift then takes you in 20 minutes to the loneliness of the treeless summit regions and the Joch Pass (7,265 ft.).

Another high-Alpine resort is Melchsee-Frutt (6,330 ft.), which lies on a plateau surrounded by a girdle of mountains. It is reached by way of the Melch Valley, and for those who wish to get away from it all and are satisfied with rambles and mountain tours I can recommend the village of Melchtal where the Hotel Alpenhof-Post provides comfortable accommodation (personally recommended). Two other escapist spots in Central Switzerland are the typical Swiss village of Schwarzenberg (easily reached from Lucerne), set amid lovely surroundings and where there is the excellent Hotel Rössli; and the right-off-the-beaten-track Kurhaushotel in the Maderan Valley, one of the most beautiful Alpine valleys and extending as far as the Hüfi Glacier. The nearest station is at Amsteg, on the main Gotthard line.

For further information on Central Switzerland apply to the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, W.C.2.

Brunnen, one of the most popular of resorts on Lake Lucerne and the base for many excursions

AN UNUSUAL CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES

It is sometimes forgotten that the Virgin Islands once belonged to Denmark although they are now divided between Great Britain and the U.S.A. That is why this West Indies cruise organised by a consortium of leading Danish travel agents is calling at such little known ports as Charlotte Amalie and Christianasted. Other places of call for the m.v. *Volkerfreundschaft*, once better known as the *Stockholm*, are more familiar, Hamilton in Bermuda and Ponta Delgarda, the capital of the Azores. This 13,000-ton cruising liner will call in at Southampton on June 12, to pick up British passengers for the twenty-two-day cruise. It is a one-class ship, manned and run by East Germans. The fares run as low as £99, and up to £319 for superior accommodation. Folders in English giving deck plans have now reached England and should be available at travel agents.

A good deal of interest has been shown in Tunisia lately, stimulated, no doubt, by the direct air service operated by Skyways with comfortable Constellation aircraft. Although there is much of archæological interest to see in Carthage and Kairouan, there is no comfortable accommodation. It would be better to stay at one or other of the two seaside resorts which have been developed. At Sousse, which has some good shops as well as restaurants, two small hotels are at the moment available, the Régence and Claridges, although another small one is in the process of being erected. Hammamet, with several miles of attractive sands, is by far the best resort of the two. Three good hotels, the Du Golfe, Fourati, and Miramar, can be recommended. Two have their own swimming-pools and face the beach.

Roads are excellent in Tunisia, but communications for tourists are not so good. Coaches tend to be crowded with local passengers. It is better to hire a car for internal journeys. Although Monastir has a good beach, the town is not very interesting. However, a large hotel is being built, an extension of the present one, the Hotel Ribat, so it may be that more amenities will be available soon. Seekers after the picturesque may like to hear about Sidi Bou Said, a little seaside village in a cliff setting. Accommodation is obtainable there at a small second-class hotel.

W. D. C. C.

THE "RATS" REVISIT TOBRUK

About eighty Australians, many of them accompanied by their wives, made a pilgrimage to the War Cemetery at Tobruk where 559 Australians are buried. They are some of the survivors of the six-month-long siege of Tobruk, from April to September 1941, and belong to the Australian "Rats of Tobruk Association." The P. & O. liner *Orontes* made a special visit to Tobruk to land the party and then brought them on to London, where they arrived last week. They are led by Brigadier R. W. Tovell, former Commander of the 26th Australian Infantry Brigade. At the memorial service marking the twentieth anniversary of the siege were guards of honour from the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force, and the Army. A special visitor to the ceremony was Wing-Commander G. M. Mower, who piloted the only Hurricane flown from Tobruk during the siege. It was based in a cave and the pilot had often to land and taxi straight in without stopping, to avoid German dive-bombers.

Brigadier R. W. Tovell, who commanded the 26th Australian Infantry Brigade from 1940-42, speaks during the memorial service in front of the Australian Cenotaph at Tobruk

Right: Members of the Australian party set foot in Tobruk again after twenty years

A special visitor is Wing-Commander G. M. Mower, of the R.A.F., who flew a Hurricane during the siege of Tobruk. **Below:** The Australians march through the gateway

Below: The 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, providing the guard of honour, march into the Tobruk cemetery

FRANCE'S SEASON

A review of 1960–61 Rugby Football

By **VIVIAN JENKINS**

A. A. Mulligan, the Irish scrum-half, passes to his three-quarters in the International against France in Dublin

One word—France—dominates the 1960-61 Rugby season, just as it had its immediate predecessors. In 1958-59 the erstwhile " babes " of the tournament won the championship outright for the first time, after forty-nine years of effort. Last season they shared the title with England, and now they have won it outright again. Victories over Scotland, Wales and Ireland, plus a 5—5 draw against England at Twickenham, give them an undisputed statistical claim to supremacy and, in addition, they had something the better of a nil-nil draw against the formidable South Africans in Paris.

An unbeaten season in other words, and it becomes more and more apparent with each succeeding match that the French, for the time being, hold the key to something as yet only partially revealed to others. *Experientia docet*, however, and there are signs that their opponents, at last, are beginning to grasp some of the tactics that have given the French an unprecedented run of eighteen matches with only one defeat. That was against Ireland in Dublin, by 9 points to 5, two years ago.

One lesson, more than any other, is that the spearhead of the attack, for the French, has become, not the fly-half, as in our own traditional game, but the back-row forwards, in close conjunction with the scrum-half, operating together in a kind of closed circuit. When every other forward, additionally, can run and handle like a back, the up-field momentum thus produced is apt to sow chaos in the ranks of an opposing back division aligned for orthodox, set defence.

Once the opposing backs have been drawn in thus, out of position, the Frenchmen's own backs are then permitted a sight of the ball, and are quick to apply the *coup de grâce*. Their task, obviously, has been made that much easier. It has taken our own players the best part of three seasons to grasp the full implications of this, though England, to their credit, were quicker than most, and have now held France to three draws in succession.

This is because Jeeps and company, meaning his back-row men, have concentrated their own defences round the fringes of the scrum, instead of breaking immediately for the fly-half, and have thus checked the French onslaughts at source. Ireland and others are now following suit, and Moncla and his *aides* are finding progress less easy. On the other hand, our own players have yet to apply the medicine in reverse, i.e., by launching their own attacks by way of handling forwards, so that the opposing backs are disorganised. It may be, indeed, that we have not the men capable of doing so.

The trump card of the French is that every one of their forwards—props, hooker and second-row men, as well as Moncla, Crauste and Celaya, in rear, handle instinctively and could take their place in any back-line without looking out of place. How else, indeed, could a prop, namely Domenech, have been brought out on to the wing in place of the injured Dupuy against England at Twickenham, and made such a workmanlike job of it? The reason given for this unusual switch was not without interest. " We did not want to disturb our main attacking weapon—the back row of the scrum," said the French captain, Moncla.

J. Dupuy, the French three-quarter, beats Springboks forwards, H. Pelser and G. van Zyl, in the match in Paris

Normally, in one of our own international sides, a wing-forward would have been pulled out—as indeed happened with Ireland when their fly-half, English, was injured against France in Dublin. Kiernan, their full-back, was moved up to the centre (later he went to fly-half) and Scott was extracted from the back row of the scrum to take his place. This, of course, left Ireland weakened where France were strongest, and later opened the way for the latter's solitary try—spearheaded, one need hardly say, by the two wing-forwards, Moncla and Crauste, and Lacroix, at scrum-half. Here one detects a basic dissimilarity in tactical thinking, as between the French and ourselves.

One need hardly say that France had exactly the right men in the right place for putting their plans into execution. Moncla and Crauste, on the flanks, and Celaya, at Number 8, are as good as, if not better than, any other trio in the world at the moment, for this purpose. Fit, fast and superbly alert, they are a constant menace to any wavering defenders. Lacroix, squat and indiarubbery, is quick-thinking, and indestructible. Two other bulwarks of the side are those formidable props, Domenech and the astonishing thirty-six-year-old Roques. One hears that the latter practises scrummaging against a pair of yoked bulls, and can well believe it! Elsewhere the French were uniformly well-equipped, with the now balding Vannier at full-back as good as ever.

The scrum collapses in the match at Plymouth in the County Championship Final between Devon and Cheshire

Wales and Scotland, with two wins apiece, were runners-up to France, and for Scotland, certainly, it was an improved season. They have now found a man of real substance for the " engine room " of their scrum in the 17-stone M. J. Campbell-Lamerton, an officer in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and had convincing wins over Ireland and Wales. Unfortunately they failed to produce the same kind of form against England at Twickenham, and thus missed a golden chance of winning the Triple Crown for the first time since 1938. K. J. F. Scotland was once again a dominating force at full-back, especially against Ireland at Murrayfield, but G. H. Waddell, unfortunately, was an absentee at fly-half for most of the season owing to illness.

Wales suffered from a variety of changing fortunes—including the " gassing " of their selectors at a committee meeting (a fact which was not allowed to pass unnoticed!). But twenty-seven players are too many to make use of in a season, and the side never really settled down. After showing fine form in beating England 6—3 at Cardiff, when a new fly-half, K. Richards, made a striking debut, they failed to achieve the same rhythm again; and against Ireland, especially, they were the chief offenders in a match which had the Cardiff crowd slow-handclapping for minutes on end to show their disapproval, on a fine day, of an orgy of touch-kicking. Oddly one of the main culprits was someone of whom it was least expected—D. O. Brace, brought back to captain the side at scrum-half. In his Oxford days he and M. J. K. Smith, at fly-half, were the most entertaining pair in the country.

England's only win was at the expense of Scotland, when J. P. Horrocks-Taylor, substituting for the injured R. A. W. Sharp, introduced a fresh note of controversy *qua* the much-disputed fly-half position. Earlier this had concerned only Sharp and A. B. W. Risman, but the latter had put an end to the argument, or so it seemed, by departing for the Rugby League. Now Horrocks-Taylor, thanks to Sharp's ham-string injury, was given

Arthur Smith, the Scottish captain and wing three-quarter, scores by the corner flag in the match against Wales at Murrayfield. Right are H. Morgan and G. Britton

D. I. Bebb, the Welsh wing three-quarter, rounds the English opposition on his way to score the first of his two tries in the International match at Cardiff Arms Park

In the International between Scotland and England at Twickenham, N. S. Bruce, the Scottish forward, prepares to pass. Right are English forwards, C. R. Jacobs and E. Robinson. **Right:** G. F. Malan, the Springboks captain, wearing a scrum-cap, passes to his half-back D. A. Stewart, in the match between the South Africans and the Barbarians played at Cardiff Arms Park

the chance to show that he, too, should still come into the reckoning. At Twickenham he was the man of the match, and a big factor in England's 6-nil win. Elsewhere, one felt, the side suffered from the selectors opting for solidity, overall, rather than brilliance.

Ireland, once again, had a frustrating season, with the "Wooden Spoon," again falling to their lot. Potentially they often look the best side next to France; but their leading three-quarters —O'Reilly, Hewitt, Brophy and the rest—never seem to play together in two matches in succession, owing to injuries. This apart, there have been oddities of selection, coupled, as so often in Ireland, with accusations of regional bias. At least there were no mistakes selectorially, in the front row of the scrum, where Murphy, Dawson and Wood gave a great display against the South Africans and earned universal plaudits. Ireland barely lost that match, 8—3, owing to a pushover try in the last minute.

Later the same front row were concerned in the tourists' only defeat, against the Barbarians at Cardiff Arms Park in their last match before departing for France. Dawson, appropriately, captained the Barbarians in this match—the finest hour, without a doubt, in the club's history —and received the winning emblem, the elusive Springbok head, on their behalf at the dinner later. For Brigadier Glyn Hughes, the Barbarians' President, too, this was a day of days.

Previously the South Africans had carried all before them, except for a drawn match against Leicestershire and East Midlands, at Leicester; and for overall power and forward strength they were well up to the standards of their predecessors. As entertainers, though, they fell something short of ideal, for only rarely were the backs brought into full play. Still, forwards like A. Malan, their captain; Claassen, in the second row; and Du Toit, a prop of abnormal strength, will not soon be forgotten.

On a more domestic note, Cambridge easily won the University match, by 13 points to nil, with all their points coming in the first half. Forward superiority, coupled with the generalship of Waddell at fly-half, and the marking down of Sharp, for Oxford, by the Cambridge wing-forwards, were the main deciding factors.

In other traditional fields, Cheshire, in a re-play after a drawn match at Plymouth, beat Devon in the final of the county championship at Birkenhead Park by 8 points to 6, to win the title for only the second time. They had chiefly to thank a fine mid-field triangle, Griffiths, Patterson and Nelson, for this, though Devon contributed by their own failure, at Birkenhead, to take scoring chances. The Royal Navy won the Inter-Services' tournament, their first success for ten years, and well deserved it, if only for the spirit of their forwards, and the extra touch of class contributed by J. A. T. Rodd, the former Scottish international, at scrum-half.

At club level Coventry, well led by P. B. Jackson, the England wing, had one of their most successful seasons, with only four defeats up to their thirty-eighth match, and Rosslyn Park equalled their previous best for a season by recording twenty-four wins. In Wales, Aberavon, with seven Welsh internationals in their ranks, have been outstanding with over 700 points scored, and crowds of 10,000 and more flocking to see them.

At school level, where the annual Rosslyn Park Seven-a-side tournament is the nearest thing to a yardstick (admittedly a tenuous one), one salutes Llanelly Grammar School, the winners, for the second time in four years. One would now like to see them in a full-scale match, in Christmas term, against one of the leading English schools, some of whom complain that the tournament is now taken too seriously. This would at least settle any differences.

The game, by and large, continues to increase in strength, with the main blot, regrettably, to be seen at international level. This concerns the increase in foul play, or *brutalité*, as the French more pungently call it. Something really must be done about this, for referees, whatever the pundits may say, still refuse to send players off the field.

BOOKS

A WEEK FOR FICTION

Elizabeth Taylor's latest novel; novels about Ireland and America; thrillers and historical works

Some years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor wrote a novel called *A View of the Harbour* and I have remembered it, with gratitude to its author, ever since for its extraordinary poignancy, its delicacy and yet the strong reality of the characters who peopled its pages. Her new book, IN A SUMMER SEASON (Peter Davies. 16s.), is comparable to this in everything but plot and shows this wonderfully perceptive writer once more at her very best; a best which makes a reviewer's joy. It can be said that as a novelist she has a great deal of the quality of a considerable English water-colourist, a Girtin or a Cotman, and that her cool, fresh, elegant style shares with them a spirit which is indeed essentially English. In the present story a pretty and sensitive woman is married to a man ten years her junior, his age being between her own and that of her son and daughter by a first marriage. It is primarily a tale of relationships: her own constant effort of adjustment between her loves for her husband and her children, and the hovering presence of a possessive mother-in-law; the feckless but loving husband's sporadic attempts to see life through anybody's eyes but his own, and the touching *gaucherie* of the young people's experiments in love and friendship. As always, the women in the book are superbly drawn; as real, while one is reading, as one's own acquaintances. The men, understandably, perhaps, are less profoundly realised and sometimes verge on what a thoroughly nice woman's idea of men might be. But the whole book is basically successful in its purpose of showing a marriage perpetually balanced on a fine point between love and exasperation.

ACROSS THE WATER (Heinemann. 16s.) is a brilliantly amusing and often acute novel about Ireland at the present time, without especial reference to politics, horses, the Lane pictures or the Abbey Theatre. Mr. Michael Campbell has been able to avoid these evergreen Hibernian subjects by the splendidly simple process of having a lot of other things to say. He has written about a place not too far outside Dublin in which the polite feuding between prosperous neighbours is complicated by the separate loves and hates of their highly individual servants. There are eccentrics, social climbers, precariously landed gentry, pretty and predatory women and lashings of wonderful talk. The result is a book which is penetrating, witty and marvellously close to its subject. It is also a confirmation of Mr. Campbell's position as an author of splendid comic talent.

Speaking of confirmations, THE TREND IS UP (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.), Mr. Anthony West's new novel, establishes its author as one of the most important, if not *the* most important, of English writers based in America. From the first sentence which catapults the reader into the story, through its admirably constructed length to the final climax—inevitable without being obvious—this is a novel of the finest calibre and one about which I feel sincerely and justifiably enthusiastic. The setting is, in the main, a booming town on the Gulf coast of Florida and the principal character is a man whose belief in the essentially pioneering spirit of his country leads him to break with his New England traditions and identify himself with the making of a lot of money and the creation, as he hopes, of a degree of liberty and happiness for the people among whom he settles. His personal predicaments are, ironically enough, at complete variance with these objectives and Mr. West's strength as a novelist lies partly in the subtlety with which he is able to bring this see-saw of a human situation to vivid and almost painful life.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, the eminent French writer, is presented with the Italian Omegna prize by the Mayor of Omegna, Signor Maulini. The award is made annually to those considered to have done most for European freedom. Sartre's long, philosophical play *Altona* opened in London last week at the Royal Court Theatre

Mr. Sloan Wilson is the American author of the best-selling *Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*. His new, and third, long novel is A SENSE OF VALUES (Cassell. 18s.) and it has the same form of readability and the same quite inexplicable flatness. I really don't know why this should be. I admire his story-telling ability, which is probably one of the secrets, quite rightly, of the appeal of his books, and I respect his seriousness of purpose. But when I am reading one of his novels I am inescapably reminded of a young friend of mine who once said in the middle of a party: " I 'm not having an awfully good time." Mr. Wilson has such a promising theme, too. It is the story of a marriage which in this case has gone wrong, but perhaps not irremediably. The opening passage shows a successful artist, a popular cartoonist, separated from his wife and children and awaiting the fact of divorce. The main part of the book is a detailed flashback covering his youth, courtship, and life with the woman who, although devoted, found her life with him intolerable. The odds are on his side but, perhaps, not dramatically enough.

The two thrillers this week both have a good deal to recommend them. DO YOU KNOW THIS VOICE? (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.), by Evelyn Berckman, has a background of a deserted industrial district on the outskirts of a big American town and a plot which is most

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THE HUMAN TOUCH

A pictorial biography of Countess Mountbatten

When Edwina Mountbatten, wife of India's last Viceroy, attended the farewell banquet given by Mr. Nehru in Delhi, the Indian Prime Minister declared, " The gods or some good fairy gave you beauty and high intelligence and grace and charm and vitality, and they gave you something that was even rarer than those gifts—the human touch, the love of humanity, the urge to serve those who suffer and who are in distress. Is it surprising, therefore, that the people of India should love you and should grieve that you are going? " This moving tribute is indicative of the feelings stirred by this remarkable woman wherever she went throughout the world and whose early death was such a tragedy. Memories of this life of service are vividly brought to mind by the Countess of Brecknock in a delightful pictorial biography, EDWINA MOUNTBATTEN (Macdonald. 15s.). It is most faithfully done, and reveals this great human being in all her generosity of spirit. The book is identified with the Edwina Mountbatten Trust and the furthering of the work of the " Save the Children " Fund.

Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, " that prolonged aberration of the most eminent," comes under the candid appraisal of A. L. Rowse in a comparatively brief but devastating political document, which centres on that unhappy band of Fellows of All Souls College, Oxford, who dominated British thought and action in the late '20's and the '30's. Simon, Halifax, and Geoffrey Dawson, Editor of *The Times*, are indicted as the ringleaders in this movement, which led to Nazi Germany achieving a position of brutal ascendancy. ALL SOULS AND APPEASEMENT (Macmillan. 18s.) does not make pretty reading. Here were dominant figures of their day who would not listen to warnings because they did not wish to hear, and they did not think things out because there was a fatal confusion in their minds between the interests of their social order and the interests of their own country.

At a moment when Cuba is hitting the headlines two more books on the Castro regime make their appearance, and they could hardly be in greater contrast. CASTRO'S CUBA (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) is a serious political assessment of the revolutionary Government by Professor Wright Mills of Columbia University, who visited Cuba in the summer of 1960. The professor makes a powerful plea for American and world understanding of the Castro regime, and asks us to set aside the fact that Cuba is a happy hunting ground for Communist infiltrators and propagandists, and to set aside also the thought that Castro's Cuba is just another phenomenon in the comic-opera political history of Latin America. THE DEVIL TO PAY (Anthony Gibbs and Phillips. 18s.) is a swashbuckling yarn by Jack Youngblood and Robin Moore of Mr. Youngblood's activities as a gun-runner and soldier of fortune, the guns being run both on behalf of Castro and of his opponents; and be it said often the same guns. For this enterprising young man is self-confessedly not too particular about delivery. The book professes to give an intimate portrayal of Fidel Castro.

The aim of the Upanishads, those jewels of Indian philosophy which form the concluding part of the Veda and are therefore called the Vedanta, is not so much to reach philosophical truth as to bring peace and freedom to the anxious human spirit. That they have a meaning for men and women in the Western world is brought out with force in a symposium edited by John Yale. WHAT VEDANTA MEANS TO ME (Rider. 21s.) has a number of distinguished contributors, among them Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard and John van Druten. Vincent Sheean writes the foreword.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE GROSVENOR EAST INDIAMAN (Oxford University Press. 30s.) is by Percival Kirby, of the Witwatersrand University. This great ship was wrecked off the South African coast in 1782, presumably with a vast treasure on board, efforts to salvage which have proved fruitless. Professor Kirby's painstaking research since 1944 has produced a most readable and worthwhile volume.

R. C. E.

promising in the matter of threats and suspense. Oddly, the tension lessens as the story develops but, for the most part, this is a good one. ENTER MURDERERS (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is Mr. Henry Slesar's second thriller and, I hope, a promise of equally original ones to come. Some mildly beat types plan a blackmail-cum-kidnapping project, get involved with murder and disintegrate. Very adult and quite gripping.

Finally, two unusual and, in their differing ways, powerful historical novels. Mr. Charles E. Israel has written the story of RIZPAH (Macmillan. 21s.), the eighteen-year-old concubine of King Saul, who returned his love and was at his side during his long and deadly struggle against the Philistines. The country of Israel then was guided by the prophecies of Samuel and led by Saul, politically and militarily. The author, in this long and thoughtful novel, has reconstructed the period with immense and praiseworthy care and can safely be said to have produced a noble book.

THE KING OF ATHELNEY (Faber. 18s.) is one of the most sympathetic as well as one of the most telling of all the historical reconstructions which Mr. Alfred Duggan has written. He has treated of medieval times, of Romans and of Saxons. This is a story of Saxons and of their greatest king, Alfred, the lonely youngest son, all of whose brothers had reigned before him. To present a national hero of such stature and to show him in his family circle and in the midst of his warriors and few counsellors is no light task but Mr. Duggan has carried it through with splendid assurance and written what is certainly the most poignant and vivid book of his literary career so far.

Vernon Fane

ORGANISER OF VICTORY

In 1908 a certain Captain Maurice Hankey, of the Royal Marine Artillery, was appointed Assistant-Secretary to the recently formed Committee of Imperial Defence. Two years later he became its Secretary. The appointment was to have far-reaching consequences, for during the First World War Hankey was made Secretary to the Cabinet—the first man ever to hold such a post—and he continued in this office until 1938, when he retired and was created a peer. Until his arrival Cabinet business was conducted in a somewhat casual manner. No minutes were kept and Ministers were occasionally not at all clear about what decisions they had taken at any particular meeting. Hankey altered all this and organised the conduct of affairs at the highest level upon a proper system. How he set about his task he relates in THE SUPREME COMMAND, 1914-1918 (George Allen and Unwin, two vols. 84s. the set). He has used numerous letters and his diaries to supplement his narrative.

In the stresses and strains of the war the Hankey "revolution" in Downing Street could only be carried through by a man of almost superhuman energy. The office for the Cabinet Secretariat had to be improvised, suitable staff found for it, and minutes and memoranda in the first months had often to be dictated under appalling difficulties. Probably no one but Hankey, with his genius for organisation, could have undertaken it successfully.

Sitting at the centre of affairs, Lord Hankey knew everybody of importance among the politicians and the Service chiefs on the Allied side. His pen portraits of them are always balanced and fair and it is good to read a proper assessment of Kitchener, whose greatness has recently been belittled in some quarters. An interesting light is thrown on the events in December 1916 leading to Lloyd George's accession to power. Lord Hankey quotes Lloyd George as telling him some years later that the information for *The Times* Leader which caused the final rift with Asquith was given to the Editor by Carson. Lloyd George himself had nothing to do with it. There is sometimes a certain complacency in Lord Hankey's diary entries and it is a little difficult to believe that Lloyd George's triumph in the Maurice debate was only rendered possible by the Cabinet Secretary's system of records. But no one will deny the great debt owed by the nation to Lord Hankey. He it was who made the Supreme Command in Britain work on a businesslike basis and without him the war might well have been lost.

C. D.

In a scene from Paddy Chayefsky's play at the Comedy are from left, foreground, Arthur Landeau (David Knight); Evelyn Foreman (Valerie Gearon); and Foreman (Harold Goldblatt). Background are Schlissel (David Kossoff); the Cabalist (Cyril Shaps); Zitorsky (John Gabriel); and Alper (Martin Miller)

Evelyn and Arthur Landeau become friends

THE TENTH MAN
at the Comedy Theatre

A success on Broadway which appears likely to survive the hazards of the transatlantic crossing is Paddy Chayefsky's play set in a New York Jewish synagogue and concerned with religious exorcism. The plot is centred on a girl, suffering from schizophrenia and brought to the synagogue by her grandfather, who believes she is possessed by a wandering spirit, known as a Dybbuk. She is confronted by a young Jewish lawyer conscripted from the streets to make up the ten men required for morning prayers. Although it has a serious theme, the play is full of studies of idiosyncratic Jewish character and slyly Jewish humour.

In the ceremony of exorcising the demon, Arthur falls to the ground. Kneeling by him are the Policeman (Anthony Baird) and the Sexton (John Barrard) in their ceremonial robes

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

D. K. Fraser

Since January of this year, Mr. D. K. Fraser, M.I.Mech.E., M.I.Mar.E., has been sole managing director of G. A. Harvey and Co. (London) Ltd. At the firm's metal works at Greenwich a wide range of specialised heavy engineering products are made, from office furniture in steel to mammoth pressure vessels and absorber columns. The managing director is noted for his flair in dealing quickly with problems of organisation. Already Harveys have been able to reduce their delivery periods in a number of fields. David Kenneth Fraser was born in Dundee in 1920. He started his education at the Liverpool Collegiate and completed it at Coventry, and then served a five-year apprenticeship with Armstrong-Siddeleys. During the last war he was on active service with R.E.M.E., in the campaigns in the Middle East and North-West Europe, leaving the Army in 1947 with the rank of major. He then joined the Brush Group and up to the end of 1954 was mainly concerned with the Brush Electrical Engineering Co. at Loughborough, as personal assistant to the managing director, works manager of the Electrical Machines Division, and general manager of Brush Bagnall and Brush Coachwork. At the beginning of 1955 Mr. Fraser was appointed managing director of Petters Limited, manufacturers of air- and water-cooled diesel engines. He also became managing director of Hawker Siddeley (Hamble) Ltd., and a director of Hawker Siddeley Industries Ltd. His association with boatbuilding has had a marked effect; he owns a catamaran which he keeps at Hamble. Mr. Fraser has travelled extensively on business—in 1959 he went round the world in 21 days with numerous calls on the way. Married, with three children, Mr. Fraser lives at Sevenoaks, in Kent

SIERRA LEONE

THE COUNTRY'S INDUSTRIAL POTENTIAL

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Tens of thousands of Englishmen of about my age have been to Freetown, whether or not they ever landed there; but when it comes to knowing the interior of Sierra Leone, the number comes down to a few hundred. In two wars, Freetown has been one of the great staging points for convoys on the way to the East; with a harbour covering about 4,000 acres of anchorage with six to twenty-four fathoms of water, it could accommodate any convoy. But most of these enforced wartime visits were calls of no more than a day or two. Sierra Leone is a name on a map to people in Britain; a phrase that one never took quite seriously, "The White Man's Grave"; the scene of a Graham Greene novel.... Standing among the small mountains of ore in a British steelworks stockyard, a blast furnace manager will tell you, "Now this is from Sierra Leone."

The former colony and protectorate now becomes independent, under its Premier, Sir Milton Margai, who is perhaps less well known in Britain than some of the more flamboyant champions of African political advance in other countries that have reached or are approaching independence. Sierra Leone has had a fairly steady political development, in spite of a certain contrast between the ways of living of the Colony, the small peninsula on which Freetown stands, and the Protectorate, a hundred times as big, whose frontiers make a deep bite into the "bulge" of Africa between Guinea and Liberia.

Sierra Leone is basically an agricultural country, and not a particularly rich one; all of its forms of farming have to struggle against the same difficulty, a fantastic volume of rainfall that varies from about 85 ins. a year in the northern provinces to about 150 ins. a year in Freetown. The weather is something to which Africans in this latitude, 7 degrees from the Equator, are used, and to which the few European businessmen and officials in the country can to some extent get used; but what suffers from it most is the soil. This huge volume of rain, steadily leaching out the salts that give the land nutrition, has left the red laterite soils of Sierra Leone unrewarding for most crops. The most effective method of maintaining or restoring fertility to it is the high forest, but most of Sierra Leone has for many years been cleared; agriculture is now carried on by the "bush-fallow" method, in which the land is allowed to revert to bush and secondary forest for longish periods, say four to seven years.

Panning for diamonds in the Kenema district of Sierra Leone. Diamond mining is of vital importance to the country's economy. Last year it accounted for about half the whole export trade

Much of the agriculture is "subsistence farming," in spite of efforts over the years to introduce "cash crops." Rice is the main subsistence crop and the staple diet of the people. There are about 650,000 acres under cultivation producing paddy that yields 148,000 tons of milled rice a year. Mechanised methods of cultivation are being introduced to increase output; but this is increasing more slowly than consumption, and in recent years Sierra Leone has become a net importer.

One way to pay for this, and for the imports of manufactured goods that the country needs, is export crops. Palm kernels are the biggest agricultural export, worth perhaps £3,000,000 a year; some cocoa is exported, and minor exports include coffee, kola nuts, and piassava, a palm fibre used for brushes and brooms. These crops are largely produced on small plantations; but the new Government is anxious to carry out schemes that have been initiated before independence and attract into the country's agriculture commercial companies to produce tobacco, bananas and rubber. Most of the crops for export are collected and marketed by a statutory Sierra Leone Produce Marketing Board, which tends to shelter small-scale producers from the fluctuations of world prices by fixing stabilised prices, for the year or crop season, in advance.

Industry, in a country in this stage of development, generally means extractive rather than manufacturing industry: Sierra Leone's most important exports, which have made the main contribution to growth of this little economy, are minerals, both precious and workaday. There has been some gold in the territory, along the River Makong; between 1930 and 1941 most of it was panned out of the rivers, and to-day dredging for gold is only on a tiny scale (according to the statistics much gold panned by African prospectors was always smuggled out). The precious mineral of outstanding importance in the country to-day is diamonds: last year's exports amounted to probably nearly £10,000,000 worth, about half the value of the country's whole export trade. This industry, too, has had its share of smuggling.

The largest miner of diamonds from the gravel around the mouth of the Sewa river is the Sierra Leone Selection Trust, a subsidiary of Consolidated Selection Trust, which mines for diamonds in various parts of Africa. Since 1934 this company has had a concession in the country centred on Yengema; it excavates the diamond-bearing gravel, concentrates this in washeries, and then passes the concentrate over wax sorting tables that retain the diamond dust and let the rest go on. Production by the Trust is mainly of industrial diamonds, though the larger stones go for jewellery. They are sold in line with the regulated release of diamonds on the world market by the de Beers syndicate, as are most of the world's diamonds to-day (including even Russia's).

The trust was originally granted diamond-mining rights to the whole area; but after 1952, partly as a result of bad years in agriculture, many Africans from within and outside Sierra Leone began to flock into the diamond-bearing areas and to sift out stones for themselves. They fairly soon found buyers, although this trade was illegal; a flourishing illicit diamond buying business is said to have sprung up in Freetown.

Eventually legal action was taken to adjust a situation that the policing of these areas was failing to control. The company was paid £1,570,000 compensation for reducing its concession area to 450 square

(Continued on following page)

The Queen Elizabeth II quay at Freetown, the largest port in Sierra Leone

Sierra Leone

THE COUNTRY'S INDUSTRIAL POTENTIAL

(*Continued from previous page*)

miles in the Kono and Kenema areas. The rest of the country was thrown open to the individual African miners, but they had to operate under licence and to market their stones through licensed dealers. The situation took several years to bring under control; measures to reduce smuggling had to be tightened in 1959, and since that year a Government Diamond Office has been the only licensed exporter of alluvial diamonds. The trust has begun to give the individual miners training, and some use of mechanised equipment has now been started.

The country's other substantial industry is also extractive, the mining of iron ore. The main deposit being worked is at Marampa, about 50 miles inland from Freetown. In the early '30's the Sierra Leone Development Company was formed to exploit this; it built a railway through the bush, and shipped its first ore in 1933. During the war, Sierra Leone supplied about 40 per cent. of Britain's intake of foreign ore. To-day it is one of the most modern ore-getting operations in the world. The rich hematite ore has been cut off the top of some hills at Marampa, and what goes out from this working is mainly concentrates from the grey powder ore beneath, which contains about 45 per cent. iron. But other grades of hematite, ranging from 55 to 69 per cent. iron, are produced; about 1,250,000 tons of ore are extracted every year, and shipped out in 1,000-ton trainloads to the modern ore port at Pepel, which can load 2,000 tons an hour and turn a ship round in less than 24 hours.

New ore-treatment mills are being built to raise output at Marampa to 2,000,000 tons, and there are plans to make this 3,000,000 tons a year. " Delco " also has rights to develop ore at Tonkolili, where the deposits of high-grade ore appear to be even larger than those already being worked; to bring these into operation, with a seventy-mile extension of the present ore railway, would cost £25,000,000. There are other minerals in Sierra Leone; chrome ore and concentrates have been produced for export since the '30s, and there are plans for the working of rutile, one of the ores of aluminium, in the south-west of the country.

Quarrying for stones outside Freetown to obtain basic materials for developing the country's road s

The interior of the Sierra Leone Development Company's power house at Marampa

Right: The iron-ore mill at Marampa of the Sierra Leone Development Company

Since the war the colonial Government has carried out a large-scale programme of public works for the territory, and the new Government is continuing to press ahead with fresh projects, in most of which British contractors are involved. Taylor Woodrow, Cementation Ltd., and Howard Humphreys are involved in the Guma Valley scheme for Freetown water supply, and in the development of water supplies for Mekeni and Moyamba; plans have recently been brought forward for considerable development of the country's road system.

It is planned to build five new power stations: the Guma Valley scheme mentioned above, which involves the creation of a lake with a storage capacity of 4,250,000,000 gallons, will provide not only water for Freetown but 12,000,000 gallons of water a day to generate electricity. Substantial loans from Britain's Colonial Development Corporation and Commonwealth Development Finance Company will be made, covering about £2,400,000 of the £3,500,000 involved; the scheme is expected to take about four years to complete. Independence can load some costly financial burdens on to the shoulders of a new nation; but over the next few years Britain is providing £7,500,000 in the shape of loans, grants, and technical assistance, to help its former colony, now a full member of the Commonwealth, on its way forward.

ad system

Wood is machined for furniture at the Forest Industries factory in Kenema. The furnishings for new hotels are produced here

The bridge over the River Moa at Kenema has a total span of approximately 450 ft. It was finished four years ago and is one of nine steel bridges on concrete piers completed over rivers in Sierra Leone by Pauling and Co., of London. The engineers were Rendel Palmer and Tritton, also of London

An artist's impression of the new building for Barclay's Bank, D.C.O., at Freetown, which was officially opened by the Prime Minister, Sir Milton Margai, last month. The contractors were Taylor Woodrow (Sierra Leone); the architects, Messrs. Nickson and Borys and Partners, of Freetown, Lagos and Accra; the quantity surveyors, Daniel B. Connal and Partners; the consulting engineers, Brimer, Andrews and Nachsen, and the electrical and air conditioning consultants, J. Roger Preston and Partners

The Paramount Hotel in Freetown was opened at the end of 1960. The contractors, Taylor Woodrow (Sierra Leone), worked to designs by James Cubitt and Partners

Sierra Leone

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

By **D. T. JACK**

Professor Jack is David Dale Professor of Economics at the University of Durham. A leading expert on African affairs, he is the author of the Economic Survey of Sierra Leone and was a member of the Monckton Commission on Central Africa

A lorry on a road outside Freetown

On April 27, Sierra Leone obtains its political independence, one hundred and seventy-four years after the first arrangements were made to provide a settlement on the West African coast for destitute Negroes in England and subsequently for freed slaves from across the Atlantic. The twenty square miles which were ceded in 1787 became the basis of the Colony whose population is still predominantly Creole. In the hinterland were the indigenous populations with traditions of their own, including the institution of slavery, and with nothing in common with the new settlers. Gradually British influence was extended over this turbulent hinterland which in 1898 became a Protectorate. The Colony and Protectorate together form what is known as Sierra Leone. In this total area of 28,000 square miles—about a quarter of the size of the United Kingdom—there is now a population which may be estimated, though with some reserve, at about 2,200,000, of which about 130,000 reside in the Colony.

This is a central point in the political, social and economic structure of the country and for the future much may depend upon the ability of the Government to avoid serious friction and tension between the two groups. The Creoles are a kindly people, gentle and gracious in manner, though not immune from British faults and vices. On the second day of my last visit to Freetown an elderly Creole who stood beside me at the counter in a bank turned to me and said: " May I welcome you to our country." There was pride and dignity in his manner as he said it. The Creoles still follow British standards in matters of behaviour and dress, though in the style of the Victorian age rather than of modern times. They have also grown up with a respect for education, partly because it is of the Western way of life but partly also because it appears to be a mode of entry into the more respectable occupations. Interest in the manual skills is less in evidence.

The Creole community thus had a start over the indigenous Africans who tend to be envious and suspicious of their apparent privileges. It may be that in the course of time the barriers between the two groups will diminish. Intermarriage has already done something in this direction but the development of a sense of political and cultural unity will be a slow process.

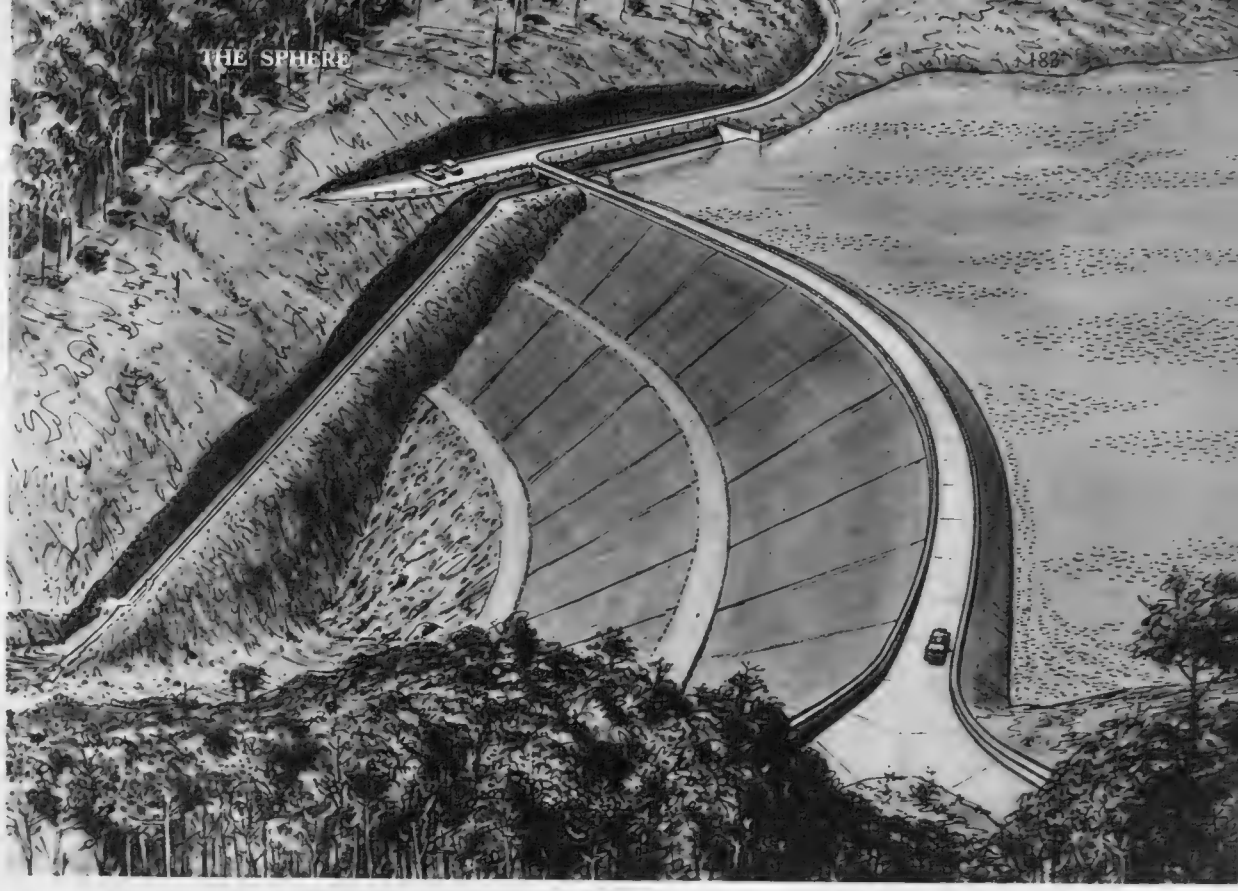
In the view of some observers it will not be noticeable in the present century. The Creoles are numerically a minority and political power may come to be weighted against them. Although they predominate in the public services they have not displayed the vigour and enterprise which are required to contribute significantly to the advancement of the country's economy. I found their severest critics among themselves. On the other hand, the Africans of the Protectorate have not yet had the opportunity or the experience which might be expected to match their numerical superiority in the political life of the country.

Population changes are difficult to estimate with precision. In the Protectorate no proper census has yet been attempted. Estimates of population in each district are based upon the number of taxpayers multiplied by an assumed number of persons per taxpayer. This is a very rough and ready method of computation and must be used with caution. The Commission of Inquiry which followed the disturbances in the provinces in 1955 dealt, among other things, with the allegation that a large number of young men under the taxable age had been put on the list of taxpayers by chiefdom officials and made to pay tax. The Commission found that this allegation was made generally in the Protectorate and that it was well-founded.

But the indications are that population may be increasing at the rate of about 2 per cent. per annum. Birth rates and death rates, as far as they are known, are high. Infant mortality rates, too, are high but may be falling. The evidence suggests that infant mortality rates may be lower for the children of Creole women than for the children of women in the Protectorate but as the health services are extended this difference may diminish.

How well-off is the country and how well-endowed is it to sustain a positive economic development in the years which lie ahead?

The terrace of the Paramount Hotel



The vast dam, envisaged in an artist's drawing, is being constructed in the Guma valley sixteen miles to the south of Freetown. It will augment water supplies to the capital and also probably provide hydro-electric power. An area of 230 acres, mainly of thickly wooded land, is being cleared for flooding. The contractors on this project, to be finished in 1965, are also Taylor Woodrow (Sierra Leone). Howard Humphreys and Sons are the consulting engineers

The answers are uncertain. There is, as yet, no reliable and comprehensive statistical service which might provide us with satisfactory indications. But for what they are worth, and no better indices are available, the gross national product per head of population in Sierra Leone was estimated in 1955 at £15 as compared with £20 in Nigeria, £54 in Ghana, £89 in Mauritius, £110 in Malta and £140 in Trinidad. We do well, therefore, to regard Sierra Leone not merely as one of the smallest but also one of the poorest members of the Commonwealth.

The country is mainly an agricultural country though in recent years the mining industry has played a major role in the expansion of the economy. Deposits of iron-ore are considerable; chrome ore has been important but its importance is diminishing; and of course, there are diamonds. Mineral exports have increased in recent years not merely in absolute terms but also relatively to exports of agricultural produce. These movements in the two groups of exports are not unconnected.

The diamond boom attracted labour from agriculture and reduced the output of agricultural produce; and the new income from the diamond rush led to an increase in domestic consumption which, in some cases, diverted supplies from the export markets to the home markets. But what is important is to recognise that the mining industries, which are so important to the economy of the country, depend for their expansion and success on external capital investment and technical knowledge. And a very considerable proportion of the tax revenue of the Government is derived, directly or indirectly, from these mining industries.

The development of iron-ore mining over the last thirty-five years has been comparatively straightforward. The development of diamond mining has been much less so. Diamonds were first discovered in Sierra Leone in 1930 and some years later the exclusive right to prospect for or to mine diamonds was given to the Sierra Leone Selection Trust for a period of ninety-nine years, in return for which the Government was to receive 27½ per cent. of the net profit together with an annual mineral rental of £7,000. This agreement worked quite satisfactorily up to 1952. In that year illicit diamond working started on a considerable scale and attracted many Africans both from other parts of the country and from neighbouring territories.

This was the origin of a problem of exceptional difficulty. Not merely did it jeopardise the Government's agreement with the Sierra Leone Selection Trust; it also gave rise to a smuggling trade which the Government was unable to control; and it threw up a number of social and political problems consequent upon the congregation of large numbers of people in mining settlements which were devoid of even the most rudimentary amenities of life. How these problems were dealt with is a history in itself but the highest credit is due to the Governor, Sir Maurice Dorman, whose tenacity of purpose and personal skill and integrity overcame what might have become a major public catastrophe.

The agricultural problem presented difficulties of a different order. It may well be that between 80 and 90 per cent. of the population is engaged in agriculture. The agricultural economy consists in the main of small peasant farmers, of whom there may be about 400,000, producing a variety of crops, for subsistence or cash. The two major crops are rice and palm products. Cocoa, coffee, groundnuts, ginger, kola nuts and piassava are also grown.

Rice is the staple food both in town and in the country and much of what is grown is consumed by the growers and their families. But whereas Sierra Leone used to be an exporter of rice, in recent years it has been an importer on a considerable scale. This may have been due, among other things, to a decline in total rice production and an increase in rice consumption, both of which may not be unconnected with the diamond boom.

The bulk of agricultural exports consist of palm produce—palm kernels and palm oil—but both have been decreasing. Cocoa and coffee have been of increasing importance and piassava holds its own in a market for which Sierra Leone is the principal producer.

The future economic and social development of the country, including the expansion of the public services for roads, education and health, must depend in the main upon the overseas capital which the country can attract and upon the tax revenue which it can raise within itself. A particular importance attaches to internal communications such as roads and waterways. The existing railway operates in a very limited area and it is probable that capital resources could be more productively employed in improving other means of communication than in extending the length of the railway track or its carrying capacity.

Educational facilities have been extended rapidly in the last decade. The number of primary schools increased from 233 in 1950 to 522 in 1958 and the number of children on the rolls from 34,520 to 69,270. Over the same period the number of children at secondary schools increased from 2,790 to 5,900. But these figures only represent a small proportion of the number of children between the ages of 5 and 12, estimated at about 430,000. Moreover, a very large proportion of the children who attend primary schools attend for only one or two years. The problem here is largely one of increasing the supply of teachers and that must be a slow process.

At a higher level, Fourah Bay College was founded in 1827 by the Church Missionary Society, mainly for the training of clergy and teachers. In 1876 it was affiliated to the University of Durham. In 1960 the status of the College was raised and it became the University College of Sierra Leone, its affiliation to the University of Durham remaining undisturbed. The scope of its teaching facilities has been greatly enlarged and further extensions in the future may be expected. The students who attend, however, do not come exclusively from Sierra Leone. A considerable number come from Nigeria and this number might decline as opportunities for higher education in that country are increased. If that should happen, the quality of the graduates who emerge from the University College will be conditioned to a greater extent than at present by the quality of the secondary school education within Sierra Leone itself.

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

IN THE SHIPYARD

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Shares of Harland and Wolff, the Belfast-based shipbuilding company, tumbled 4s. in one day earlier this month when Sir Frederick Rebbeck, chairman and managing director, said the 1960 dividend was to be halved. The group's net profits had been more than halved, too, even after taking account of a tax bill three-quarters smaller than the previous year's. This was a sorrier result than the City had expected, accustomed though it is to heavy news from the shipyards of Britain. But a few weeks earlier Mr. John Hunter, head of Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, of Wallsend-on-Tyne, had reported high profits and an increased dividend and there were hopes that other companies might be riding out the troubled weather.

There are few indications, however, that the shipbuilding industry as a whole is emerging from its difficulties. Towards the end of last year, Colonel T. E. Smith, chief of Smith's Dock Company of North Shields, a company that has stood up better than many to hard times, was telling his shareholders: " The recession has now been with us some three years and shows little real indication of coming to an end." One of the brightest hopes just now is the new Queen liner which is to be built for the Cunard Company at a cost of some £30,000,000. Tenders have been invited but so intense is competition among the shipyards that profit margins are bound to be pared with the result that the new ship will certainly lift morale and keep employed men who might otherwise have been dismissed but is unlikely to swell the profits of the companies awarded the contracts.

The basic problem of the industry is the familiar one of too many shipyards chasing too few orders, with Britain losing out too often to foreign shipbuilders. Last year the inflow of new orders was still below the rate of completions so that the outstanding order book has contracted in the last three years from 7,000,000 tons gross to only 3,300,000 tons, worth about £500,000,000. This still represents some two years work in the yards, but unless there is some recovery in world freight rates, more shipowners may defer delivery dates or even cancel orders. Already some yards are facing awkward gaps in their schedules.

Although the industry has spent about £50,000,000 since the last war on improvements and expects to spend as much again, it has not kept pace with some foreign companies who built their yards anew after the war. Even so, British-built ships carry considerable prestige. There is no doubt that much more remains to be done in the way of modernisation but what is possibly the industry's biggest problem is its complex labour relations, with " demarcation " disputes between unions often holding up important work.

Britain's most famous shipbuilder is John Brown and Co., headquartered at Sheffield and with shipyards on the Clyde. The fact that its profits have climbed steadily in the past six years, reaching £4,676,000 in 1960, is a clear enough indication that it no longer relies exclusively on building ships for a living. Its very successful diversification policy has brought under its wing companies making paper and plastic-producing machinery, machine tools, rolling stock, boiler-making, automatic vending for supermarkets, and interests in Westland Aircraft and multi-storey car parks. Even more diversified lines are being explored to take up the slack left by the shipbuilding side which is badly under-employed. Even if John Brown won the contract to build the hull of the new Queen liner it would still not be fully occupied.

Cammell Laird and Co. of Birkenhead is also to some extent cushioned against misfortunes in its shipyards by its interests in steel, rolling stock and nuclear power. But in 1959 a demarcation dispute which held up work for more than two months was one of the main reasons for a crash in profits that year from £1,388,000 to £570,000. The company's latest report, due next month, is not expected to offer any high hopes for the immediate future. William Doxford of Sunderland has had one of the best financial records of all shipbuilding companies with profits reaching a peak of nearly £1,400,000 last year. The fall off in new orders, however, is now causing concern. The company is absorbing the Sunderland Shipbuilding Dry Docks and Engineering Company by an exchange of shares. Hawthorn Leslie and Co. of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has also fared better than many in recent years but Sir Robin Rowell, the chairman, has expressed concern about keen tendering for scarce orders and possible wage claims.

Although competition between British yards and attractive tendering by foreign companies is bound to grow, there is a brighter future for the industry. There is a very big replacement potential, for nearly half the world's merchant fleet is more than fifteen years old and one-tenth of it is twenty-five years old or more. Low freight rates encourage owners to scrap their older and therefore less economic vessels with the result that new ships are eventually ordered. The development of nuclear power for ships must also bring nearer the day when fleets of conventionally-powered vessels will be replaced. Meanwhile, for investors, the two strongest companies in the industry are probably Swan, Hunter and Smith's Dock. At 34s. the former yield 7 per cent. on the 12 per cent. dividend and the latter just under 7 per cent. at 29s. These prices would seem to discount most of the uncertainties of the immediate future.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

The 348th meeting of the Wine and Food Society will be remembered by members, for it created a precedent. All the previous meetings in the Society's twenty-eight years of existence have taken place in restaurants in London or nearby. Perhaps I should add that meetings in this context mean specially planned and prepared luncheons and dinners. This year, for the first time in its history, the Society held a meeting in France, and members flew in chartered aircraft of Channel Air Bridge to Calais, and from there travelled another ten miles by coach to the village of Ardres, for lunch at a small country inn, an old coaching house on the road to St. Omer, the Hotel Clément.

This was a most attractive background for such a new venture. Everything was done by the " patron," M. Gantelme, and the Chef, M. Collin, (who is his stepson), to make the meal and the wines perfect to the last detail. The northern part of France is not as rich in regional specialities as other districts, except for the finest and freshest fish and shellfish, of which M. Gantelme is justly proud. He tells me that he motors to Boulogne two or three times a week to get his sea-food, making his purchases from the fishing boats which have just returned from the night's fishing. Apart from the fish course the menu included specialities from other regions of France at which M. Collin is just as expert, having worked in Paris and the South to gain experience.

This was the menu: La Langouste et les Fruits de Mer en Croustade, L'Escalope de Ris de Veau Périgourdine, Le Baron d'Agneau Provençale, Les Fromages de la Ferme, Le Vacherin glacé au Praslin, Le fin Moka. And the wines: Le Blanc de Blancs de Seyssel, Le Rosé de Provence, La Château Batailley, Pauillac 1955, Le Clos des Cortons 1957, Le Champagne Pol Roger Brut 1953, Le Grande Fine Champagne Hennessy, Le Grand Marnier Cordon Rouge.

The Hotel Clément on the road to St. Omer

On the face of it, a formidable meal, perhaps difficult to imagine that one would enjoy every stage of it, right to the end. But, surprisingly, this is what we all did. There was no feeling of over-eating or over-drinking, in spite of the fact that there were five substantial courses, two of them with rich sauces, and five different wines followed by cognac and liqueur. At the end of lunch we felt happily contented, nothing more. I think the secret of this, apart from the composition of the menu and the preparation of the food, is the leisurely tempo of serving. Lunch lasted three and a half hours with comfortable intervals between the courses, a convincing example of French wisdom in matters connected with eating and drinking.

I am convinced also, that the carefully chosen wines aided digestion a great deal. The white Seyssel from Savoie, very dry, but not too astringent, yet fresh, was a perfect foil to the lobster and other seafood in its rich, unctuous sauce and feathery crust; the rosé to follow was just a little warmer in tone if not in temperature. The Château Batailley was a great example of this commune of the Médoc, of a very good year, perhaps on the youngish side. The characteristic soft and velvety fullness, and the bouquet presented that elegance one would expect, and which might go on improving in later years. The Burgundy was remarkably well developed considering its youth and the champagne of another excellent year matched the excellence of the ice pudding which received a special applause.

The verdict of members present was unanimous: Delight with the lunch, the atmosphere of France and the charming inn in particular, made the trip well worth while. When this meeting was first announced interest among members was so great that two further Sunday lunches at Hotel Clément had to be arranged to satisfy the demand. M. André Simon, President of the Wine and Food Society, who was present at the first meeting on the far side of the English Channel was blazing a trail which will be followed by many other meetings in foreign places accessible by air. The next occasion is a Dîner Gastronomique which will take place at the Middlekerke Casino to sample Belgian specialities early in May.

This venture might also influence individual gourmets, and I see no reason why the business executive should not entertain on these lines when he wants to offer something different to his friends. It only takes half an hour to fly from Southend to Calais.

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MOTORING

A RACE TO FILL THE GAP

Road-testing the Reliant; new use for stainless steel

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

European car manufacturers are busy designing cars to fill the gap between 1,000 c.c. and 1½ litres. It seems that with the advances made in engine design, metallurgy and fuel quality, a 1¼-litre four-seater saloon today offers the kind of motoring which only a few years ago could not be expected from anything less than a 2-litre model. Many critics have praised the new Triumph Herald, whose 4-cylinder engine has just been stepped up in size from 948 c.c. to 1,147 c.c. The new Ford, due for unveiling in May or June, is said to have a 1.3-litre engine (a larger version of the admirable 997-c.c. Anglia unit).

Another example of this new engine-size fashion is the Fiat 1300, announced this week. This handsome four-door four-seater of 1,295 c.c. is an addition to the Fiat range. It fits neatly in between the 4-cylinder 1100 model and the 6-cylinder 1800 saloon. It is a well-finished car styled in the Italian manner with a squarish-looking body of good aerodynamic quality and, to quote Fiat, with "gently-rounded corners." It is the world's first quantity-built family saloon to be equipped with disc brakes on the front wheels as standard (Britain's Girling discs have been chosen), though if the announcement of the 1300 had been delayed much longer a British firm would have claimed this distinction for a model yet to be announced.

The Fiat 1300 has dual headlamps, a four-speed synchromesh gear-box and polyspherical combustion chambers. With cylinders measuring 72 m.m. by 79½ m.m. it develops 72 brake horse-power and has a top speed of nearly 90 m.p.h. It is available with a slightly larger engine of 1,481 c.c. which has a bore of 77 m.m., develops 80 b.h.p. and gives a top speed of 93 m.p.h.

I have just been road-testing a British three-wheeler—the Reliant Regal—which is proving so popular as a replacement for motor-cycle combinations and as a runabout for two-car families that buyers have had to wait an average of two months to get delivery even when car and motorcycle salesmen were complaining loudest during the winter months. The latest Mark VI Regal is a four-seater saloon with a 4-cylinder, water-cooled engine of 747 c.c. which does 50 miles to the gallon and gives a top speed of 65 m.p.h. Basic price is £363 10s. When purchase tax is added at the motor-cycle rate of 30 per cent. total cost is increased to £439 15s. 10d.

Britain's latest drive-in bank, at Watford, where motorists can transact business without leaving their cars

It is not so quiet as the average four-wheeler and the overall performance is less smooth, but it is a real car with all the advantages—financial and otherwise—conferred by the use of only three wheels. The single wheel is in front and transmission to the rear wheels is by propeller shaft, a four-speed gear-box with synchromesh and reverse, and car-type rear axle. The plastic body (the shape of which has been greatly improved for the last two Regal models) is attached to a separate, box-section chassis. There are hydraulic brakes, steering is light and positive and the compact overall dimensions are: length 11 ft. 2 ins.; width 5 ft.

The latest version of the Reliant Regal saloon

The new Fiat 1300 with disc brakes

Because it weighs less than 8 cwt. the annual tax is only £6 and the running costs of the Regal compare favourably with those of a motor-cycle and sidecar. Improvements incorporated in the Mark VI model, introduced last November, include a deeper windscreen, lower front seats, more headroom in the back seat and a new fascia with two glove-boxes and redesigned instrument panel. Reliant Engineering Ltd., of Tamworth, Staffs, founded by Mr. T. L. Williams, started building three-wheeler vans in 1935. Their rugged, dependable little car has been on the market for eight years.

The Ford Motor Co., of Dagenham, is proud of its new service school at Langley, Bucks, and Mr. John Read, general sales manager, recently had motoring writers along to take a look at it. He explained the need for such a large, well-equipped school by saying that the Ford vehicle population in Britain now totals more than 1,500,000 units, having increased four-fold since the war.

To Langley go mechanics, apprentices, receptionists and service managers. The normal course, which lasts about a week, covers all aspects of the maintenance and repair of Ford cars and trucks: engines, suspension, brakes, steering, transmissions, electrical systems, and so on. There are facilities for training 4,000 students a year. There is a staff of twelve instructors and facilities include garage, dynamometer room, cinema, lecture hall and students' lounge.

Britain's latest drive-in bank was opened recently at Watford, Herts. It has been provided by Westminster, who have been pioneers in Britain in this line of customer service. Their first drive-in bank was opened at Liverpool in January 1959, and they now have others at Gidea Park (Romford) and Leeds.

Motorists can drive up to a special window and cash cheques and transact other simple business without getting out of their cars. They talk to a bank clerk by means of a system of microphones and loudspeakers. Cheques, money and documents are passed to and fro on a sliding shelf. "We are finding that motorists appreciate this service," said a Westminster spokesman, "because it saves time and obviates the need to find somewhere to park the car." Martin's and Lloyds' Banks have drive-in facilities at Leicester and High Wycombe respectively and the Post Office are now carrying out similar experiments at Luton and Leicester.

The Ministry of Transport has given some details of the design thinking behind the layout of the M.1 service areas. "They are being treated as an integral part of the motorway," said an official, "Grass areas are being laid out with free-standing and informal groups of trees to break up the lines of the buildings and to blend the motorway into the surrounding countryside. This has been preferred to the 'ornamental' type of development on the recommendation of the Ministry's Advisory Committee on the landscape treatment of trunk roads."

Stainless steel is being used on an increasing scale by Britain's car manufacturers and I am assured by experts that the planned £2,000,000 extension to Europe's largest rolling mill in Sheffield will help to ensure that at an early date stainless steel for cars will be no more expensive than chromium plating.

I feel that just as we have copied the United States in so many other matters where motoring and vehicle design are concerned, so we shall fall into line with Detroit in the extended use of steel bumpers and other components that are "stainless right through." Stainless steel does not look as smart or as well-cared-for as chromium but it is much more practical for the car which is habitually left out all night and whose owner washes and polishes it only when shamed into doing so.

Briefly. . . . "Better Driving" contests are to be held this summer at Manchester, in Scotland and in London by Wills the tobacco people in conjunction with the Institute of Advanced Motorists. . . . The R.A.C. will this summer open at Watford, Herts, an office which will be its north H.Q. for the Home Counties. It will be in the charge of Mr. W. S. MacKay. . . .

Two useful books: *The Autocar Guide for the L-Driver* (Iliffe Books Ltd. 1s. 6d.), completely re-written (by S. C. H. Davis), and with new illustrations; and the *Castrol Achievements Book for 1960*, obtainable free from Castrol House, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. . . . The Johnson's Wax people have put on the British market a new form of car cleaner-polisher—"Holiday"—which has proved popular in the U.S. You simply squirt a little cream from a plastic bottle (6s.) on to a damp sponge.

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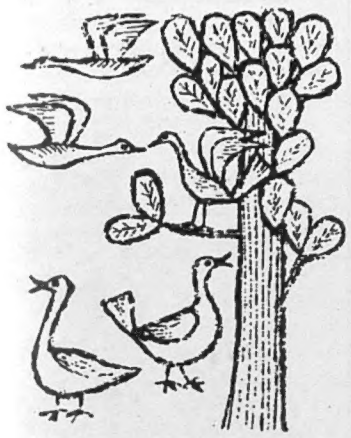

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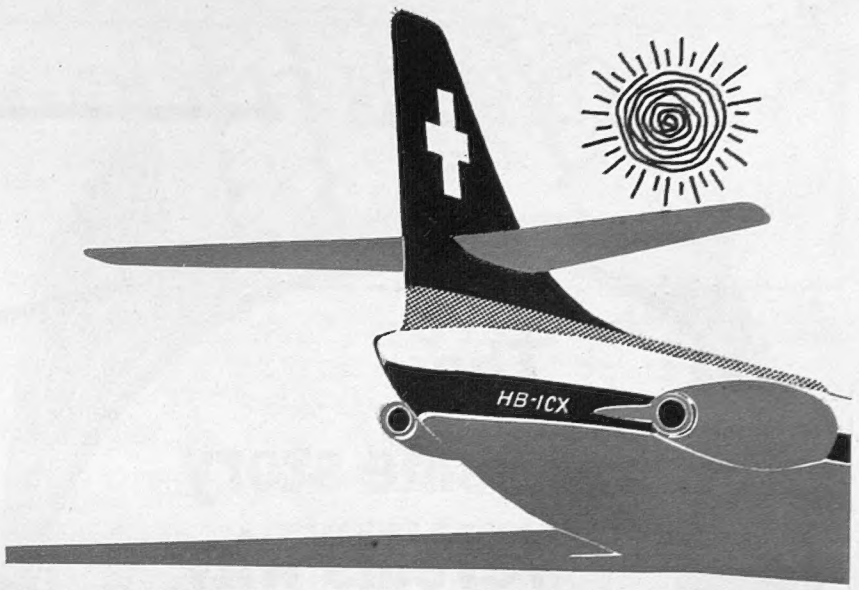

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

CHESTER, Shrewsbury, Hereford and Ross-on-Wye are the four principal gateways to Wales, their use being dependent on the direction of approach.

This week I am outlining a motoring tour which, though not attempting to cover the whole of the Principality, reduces to a minimum those patches of dull countryside which can hardly be avoided in any tour.

I have selected Hereford as the starting gate as the approach via the Cotswolds and the Malverns is scenically attractive and, also, so that we may enjoy part of the Wye Valley followed by its good-looking rival the Usk.

Should you plan to spend a night in HEREFORD my personal choice for quiet location and friendly environment is the *Graftonbury Hotel*, in Grafton Lane, about a mile out of the town on the right of the Ross road. Importantly for motorists on tour one is assured of a quiet night's sleep. *Tel.* 6243.

Some ten miles farther south an alternative choice is the fully-licensed *Hotel Pengethley*, again set well back from the road. Here, as at the Graftonbury, a feature is made of farm produce. This hotel is very much the personal affair of the Nicholas family. *Tel. Harewood End* 252.

Stage 2. Leaving Ross-on-Wye as if for Monmouth detour to Symonds Yat East. Note specially the " east " part of the address as there is no bridge over the river where *The Royal Hotel* stands. A delightful find and worth noting for a complete holiday at any time of the year. *Tel. Symonds Yat* 238.

Continuing into Monmouth turn south for that picturesque ruin Tintern Abbey. Now continue to CHEPSTOW (Trust House, *The George*), and to avoid industrial Newport turn off to Usk, Raglan, and so arrive on the main road again from Monmouth to Abergavenny. Now we are firmly in Usk territory and you can choose for the night *Llansantffraed Court Hotel and Club* (*Tel. Golion* 268), five miles short of ABERGAVENNY, a William-and-Mary-style house which reflects the sporting and social activities of the district; or *Glffaes Country House Hotel*, near CRICKHOWELL, *Tel. Bwlch* 230.

Stage 3. In any motoring tour one needs to vary one's mileage and after the relaxed day spent on Stage 2, we must be up early and head northwards. An attractive route, it passes through Crickhowell, Talgarth, Builth Wells, Newbridge-on-Wye, Rhayader and Llangurig with the *George Borrow Hotel*, PENRHYWD, as our objective for lunch. Here Miss F. E. Withers will regale you with her cooking. Everything wholesome, locally reared and grown. A simple inn but so satisfactory for a meal. *Tel.* 230.

Now on through ABERYSTWYTH and still heading north, a choice of pleasant hotels await you for the night. In order of rotation they are MALLWYD—*Brands Inn*, where Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jones will look after you well if the ten bedrooms are not already allotted. *Tel. Dinas Mawddwy* 208.

Eleven miles farther on is *The Golden Lion Royal Hotel*, DOLGELLEY. Character-clad without, you will find it surprisingly fresh within. *Tel.* 179. Alternatively, two miles away on the lakeside is *Gwernan Lake Hotel*—a simple but satisfying base (*Tel. Dolgelley* 88), or on the Dolgelley/Barmouth road *Bontddu Hall Hotel* with charming views over the Mawddach Estuary (*Tel. Bontddu* 209). Note, too, *Dolmelynllyn Hall Hotel* at GANLLWYD (*Tel.* 211), a comfortable hotel in one of the quietest and most beautiful valleys.

Stage 4. A short day as regards mileage but full of interest. The road from Dolgelley to Barmouth can be added to your collection of scenic memories. Either route from Barmouth note the small *Victoria Hotel*, LLANBEDR, two-and-a-half miles south of Harlech and the Royal St. David's golf course. The Victoria fills a valuable role in this area. *Tel.* 213.

After viewing the ruins of Harlech Castle keep right-handed along the picturesque Vale of Maenterog, turning left in the village, over the bridge towards Portmadoc. Close to the tongue-twisting village of Penrhyndeudraeth will be found a signboard for PORTMEIRION where you will surely wish to stay if you are not bound to a time-table. This fantastic self-contained paradise built around the *Portmeirion Hotel* must be seen to be appreciated.

Just beyond Portmadoc turn right for the heart of Snowdonia. First you will come to the mountain village of BEDDGELERT where, after visiting the *Tanronen Hotel*, you may decide to stay. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Griffiths have inn-keeping in their blood and whether it is for a room for the night or just refreshment you will fare well. *Tel.* 245.

Proceeding up the valley we reach the main Holyhead road, the A.5. Here stands the attractive *Tyn-y-Coed Hotel*, where Mrs. K. G. Newman has built up an international reputation for good food and comfort. *Tel. Capel Curig* 231.

Stage 5. Wherever you may elect to stay this section commences at the foot of Snowdon at Pen-y-Gwryd, where one diverts off the Beddgelert road for Caernarvon. At Llanberis, if time and weather are on your side, you can take the mountain railway to the summit of Snowdon, 3,560 ft. high.

The next halt should be for a short pause at Caernarvon to view the castle then, following the Menai Strait, the Menai Bridge looms into view. You will be well advised to cross it and turn right for the sleeping town of BEAUMARIS. Her principal hotel, the *Bulkeley Arms*, warrants a night's stay, for its position on the waterfront is fascinating. The whole of Snowdonia range can be your bedroom vista and it is a most pleasantly conducted hotel. *Tel.* 119.

Section 6. Assuming you spend a night only in Beaumaris, the morning might well be spent in touring the north side of Anglesey and returning to the Bulkeley Arms for lunch. Then, retracing your steps to the mainland, make for Bangor, continue along the coast to LLANDUDNO.

This Welsh seaside resort is divided by a massive promontory, the Great Orme, and on the west shore is the quietly-positioned *Gogarth Abbey Hotel*, ably managed by a Miss McIntosh. *Tel.* 76212.

Alternatively, if you prefer to be in the centre of holiday life facing the promenade, our choice would be the ever-popular *St. George's*. *Tel.* 77544.

From Llandudno the Welsh tour finishes at Chester—the northern gateway of the principality.

BANTRY BAY Co. Cork. BALLYLICKEY HOUSE
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ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL
(52 bedrooms, some with private bath) occupies commanding position overlooking sea and sands. Dancing, tennis, garage. Golf and Riding Stables in the vicinity. Children very welcome.

The Knave of Hearts is a soldier. He normally carries a battleaxe in one hand and an olive branch in the other, being descended from the god Mercury. During the French Revolution, when they denounced all the Court cards, he was called Equality, and his Queen was called Liberty. But he'd rather be a Jackanapes and carry on smoking. Before he was cut in half in 1870, he had short, fat legs. Now that Player's have redesigned him with those smooth cigarettes, he'd just as soon sit still and enjoy them anyway.

Even Knaves love Player's

The Knave is a bit of a card. He is keen on the Queen, and now Player's have redesigned him and put their good cigarettes in his pocket, he is always ready to offer her a smooth cigarette and light it for her. If the King ever catches him at it, he'll get his head cut off, but until then he's alright Jack. He's worth ten of the best to most players. All these happy smokers have a pleasant superstition about the Knave. As soon as he is dealt they pull out a packet of Player's and light up. They call it *One for His Nob*. Even people who don't play cards do this, because though they may not like cards, they just love Player's.

People love Player's